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The Saturday Review of Literature

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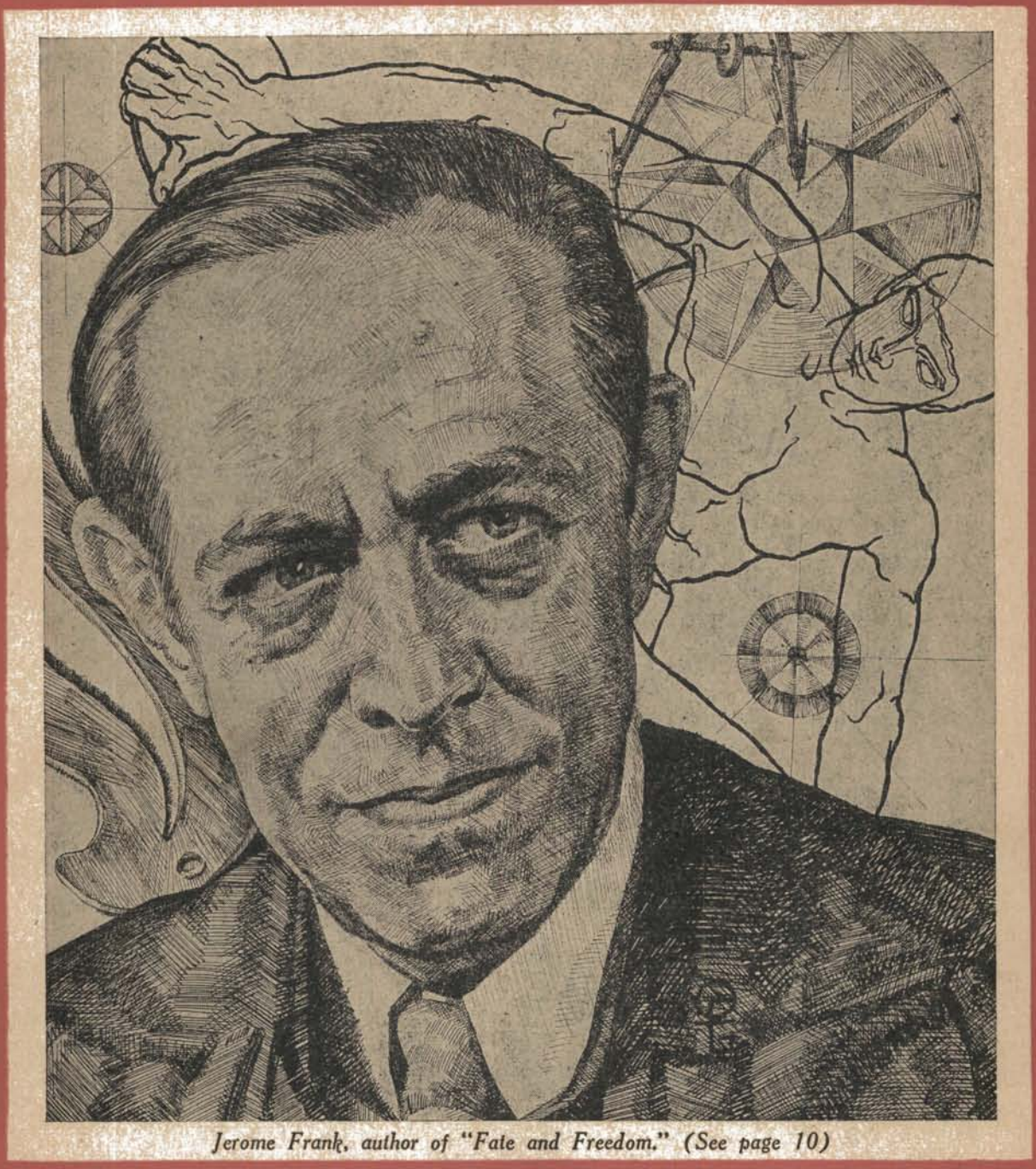

Jerome Frank, author of "Fate and Freedom." *(See page 10)*

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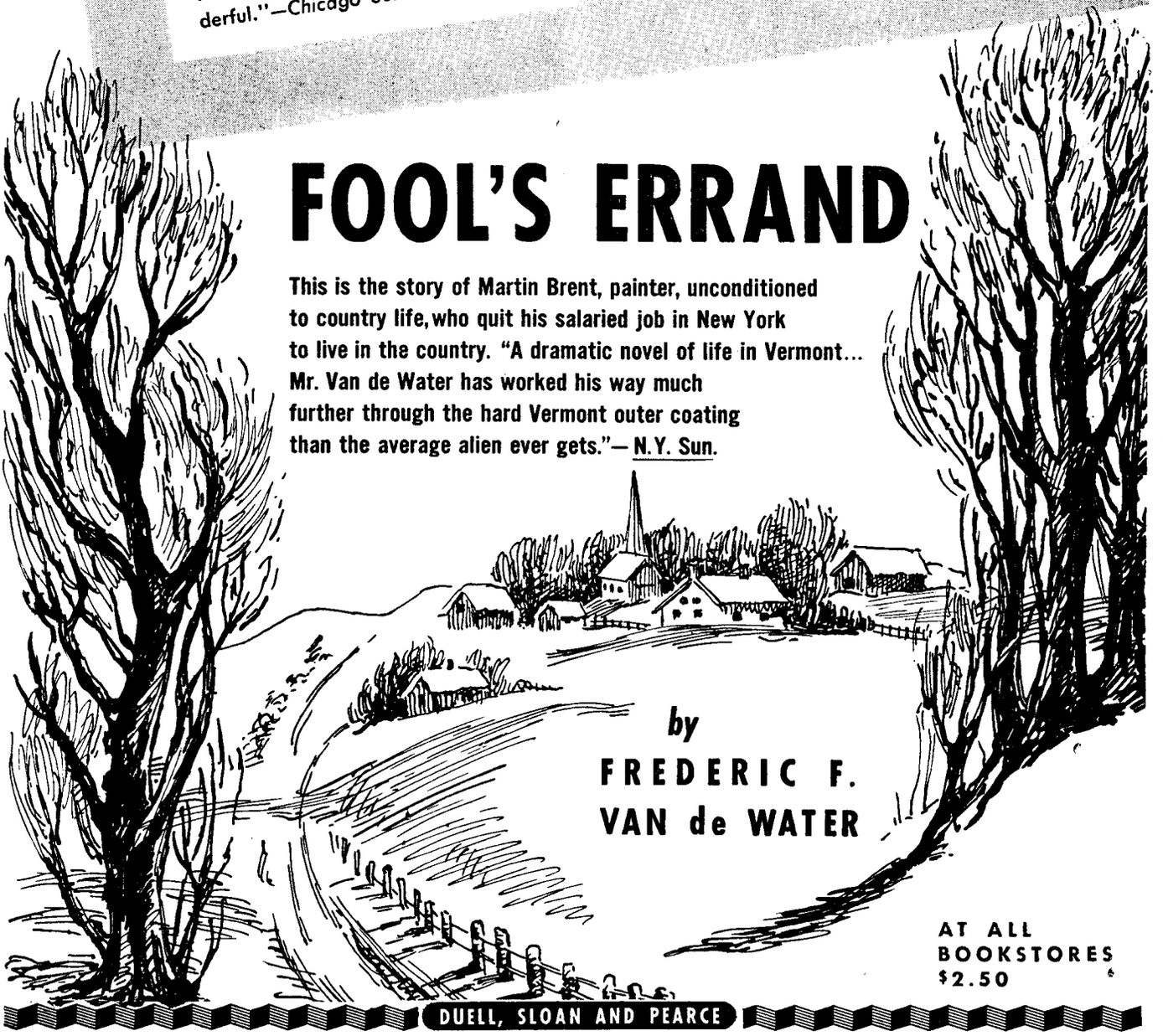

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DUELL, SLOAN AND PEARCE

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GOD BLESS OUR HOME

NOW THAT the sun is back and the weather is the way it was at the end of March, a project has been revived in this office that seriously interferes with the normal industrious course of our lives. It started with a book—like so many things around here. This was a book of verse published (not by Holt) in 1876 by Julia Moore. She called it THE SWEET SINGER OF MICHIGAN SALUTES THE PUBLIC, and it was something of a best seller in its time. It is easy to understand why; the poems are truly memorable and they gave a great many people a great deal of pleasure. We like particularly the oft-repeated refrain of a long poem in honor of the Philadelphia Centennial of 1876:

Hurrah for our Centennial,
Hurrah for our Centennial,
Hurrah for our Centennial,
Which many people have gone to.

And here, for instance, are the last lines of "Byron: a Critical Survey:"

"Lord Byron's" age was 36 years
Then closed the sad career,
Of the most celebrated "Englishman"
Of the nineteenth century.

If the rhythm of that last line doesn't haunt you, the quotation marks will.

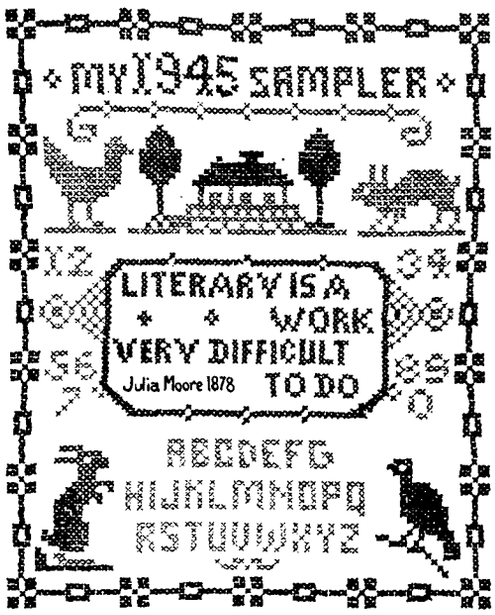
We came across the Sweet Singer some time ago and we not only liked her poems, but also found ourselves recalling a phrase from the preface to her second volume, A FEW CHOICE WORDS TO THE PUBLIC, WITH NEW AND ORIGINAL POEMS. There were, it seems, a few reviewers who lacked the proper enthusiasm for her work and of them she said, "The Editors that has spoken in a scandalous manner, have went beyond reason . . . Literary is a work very difficult to do." We've never found a sentence that sums up more succinctly the way we feel about literary.

To get back to March . . . If you remember, we had a few weeks of spring that were something, and they hit a couple of our editors pretty hard. They *are* blondes, but they aren't giddy as a rule; this was just a temporary bout of spring fever. They decided that the manager of the department had been working at literary too hard and too long and needed cheering up. We don't profess to understand this, but they also decided that nothing could be more cheerful than a cross-stitch sampler bearing the words of the Sweet Singer. So, for moral support if not practical advice, they corralled one of the salesmen who should have been calling on bookstores and went to the embroidery counter of Wanamaker's to talk the problem over with an expert. It got a little sticky and feminine for the salesman, who fled to a nearby department and played "O'Reilly" on one of the store's pianos until he was ejected.

In the meantime, our editors had found a sampler that seemed to them everything a sampler should be; it had birds and trees, a complete alphabet, and a convincing early-American air. To keep the authentic look they thought it ought to be embroidered in slightly faded colors. They had selected some good tarnished yellows and a battered old red and a green that looked as if it had been left out in the rain for a season or two and were hunting down a dirty old blue when the saleslady, distressed but stubborn, interrupted them with "But we don't *have* any dirty old blues!" The naming of embroidery silks, our chastened editors discovered, is every bit as complicated as the naming of Pullman cars, perfumes, or the shades of ladies' hosiery. What they got was "Antique Blue" and surprisingly enough it was just what they had in mind.

They came back to the office triumphant, but in a short time the spring disappeared and during those long, gray, rainy days they were busy about other things. Once in a while, however, they struggled with the problem of getting "God Bless Our Home" out and fitting in "Literary is a Work Very Difficult to Do."

Then suddenly this week the sun came out again and the first thing we knew they were hard at work on the sampler. Possibly an expert at needlework does a little more with the fingers and the wrist and a little less with the shoulder and the arm, but for girls who never claimed to sew a fine seam they are doing all right.



The sampler is almost finished and any minute now the project will go into the stages of Planning the Presentation to the Manager. He doesn't yet know about the cheering up he's going to get, and because he needs it badly—he hasn't stopped working hard for so long we get tired just looking at him—the advertising department is giving those editors a taste of what a deadline is. They've got to finish the sampler before this issue of the SRL appears, or their Surprise will be ruined.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

A Plan for the Future of Germany

Decentralization Offers Some Basis for Independence

FRIEDRICH A. HAYEK

NEITHER legal scruples nor a false humanitarianism should prevent the meting out of full justice to the guilty individuals in Germany. There are thousands, probably tens of thousands, who fully deserve death; and never in history was it easier to find the guilty men. Rank in the Nazi party is almost certain indication of the degree of guilt. All the Allies need to do is to decide how many they are prepared to put to death. If they begin at the top of the Nazi hierarchy it is certain that the number they will be shooting in cold blood will be smaller than the number who deserve it. The danger, not less from the point of view of the future Germany than from that of the world, is that we may falter at this task and later, because the demand for retribution is not satisfied, let our plans for long-term policy be affected by a desire for future punishment when nothing but the effectiveness of our policy should count. The Germans will still be numerous and seated in the heart of Europe; and unless we can regain them for Western civilization the war will have been lost in the long run. If Germany becomes permanently totalitarian, the European continent will follow.

The long-term policy of guiding the Germans back into Western civilization has three main aspects: political, economic, and educational or psychological. Of these the last is probably the most important. If I still begin with a discussion of the desirable political and economic structure, it is because I believe we will have to approach the problem of reëducation largely indirectly. Yet before we can turn to this it is necessary explicitly to discard certain current misconceptions which make much of the popular discussion run in terms of extremes which are equally misleading. It is neither true that the corruption of the German mind is confined to a Nazi minority or that it is merely the results of developments since the last war, nor that the Germans have always been like that. Their present state of mind has been created by a long and gradual process which for most of Germany began with the creation of the Reich by Bismarck seventy-five years ago. It would be difficult to deny that a hundred years ago most of Germany was still an integral part of Western civilization, essentially indistinguishable from the rest. But we must also face the fact that by now the majority of Germans will be affected to a greater or lesser extent by Nazi ideals, including most of those who themselves think that they made every effort to escape the influence of Nazi propaganda.

There can be little doubt that what we shall find in Germany will be little better than a moral and intellectual desert. There will be isolated oases in it, small groups of upright and courageous men who in most respects share our opinions and who moreover have been tested in their convictions as none of us ever have. But these few men and women will be almost completely isolated from each other. With the rest of the people it will very likely not be the definite beliefs they hold, but rather the absence of any beliefs, a deep skepticism and cynicism toward all political ideals, and an appalling ignorance of what has really happened, which will present the main problem. There will be, at first at any rate, much good-will and readiness to make a new start. But nothing will probably be more conspicuous than the powerlessness of good intentions without that uniting element of common moral and political traditions which we take for granted, but which during the last twelve years have been destroyed in Germany to an extent which it is difficult to realize.

—*Justus in the* Minneapolis Star-Journal
The Morning After

This is a difficult but not a hopeless position. It would be hopeless if there were in Germany no men or women at all who still adhere to the beliefs that we wish to see again victorious. But unless during the last two years they have all been killed, there is good reason to believe that we shall find in Germany such men and women, a small number it is true, but not so few in comparison with the number of people who think independently in any nation. It is on them that we must base our hopes, for whom we must create the opportunities and provide chances of bringing their people back into what was once a common European civilization.

* * *

THE political problem is mainly one of directing German ambitions away from the ideal of a highly centralized German Reich, a nation unified for common action, as even before 1914 the Germans were unified like no other civilized nation. There seems no doubt possible that we must prevent the reappearance of such a highly centralized German Reich because a centralized and highly integrated Germany will always be a danger to peace.

Here we face, however, a serious dilemma. The direct method of breaking Germany into parts and prohibiting their reunion would almost certainly fail in the long run. It would be the surest way to reawaken the most violent nationalism and to make the creation of a reunified and central-

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ized Germany the main ambition of all Germans. We should be able to prevent this for some time. But in the long run no measure will succeed which does not rest on the acquiescence of the Germans; and it surely must be our fundamental maximum that any successful settlement must have a chance of continuing when we are no longer ready to maintain it by the continuous exercise of force.

There seems to be only one solution of this difficulty: to tell the Germans that whatever common central government they will have will remain under Allied control for an indefinite period; but that they can progressively escape this control by developing representative and democratic institutions on a smaller scale in the individual states of which the Reich is composed; that this is their only road to independence in the near future; and that it depends only on them when they will reach it.

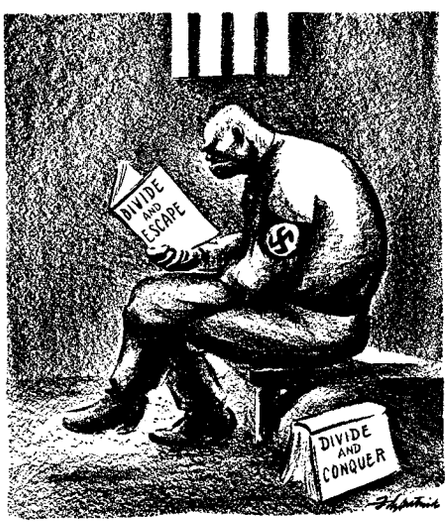
These individual German states include, of course, those which have long been absorbed into Prussia as well as those which had retained some degree of autonomy till 1933. Indeed, there is not only no objection to the breaking up of Prussia and the reconstituting of such states as Hanover, Westphalia, or the Rhineland, but this is an essential condition for the success of any plan. There need be no fear that this will produce a nationalistic reaction such as a similar direct dismemberment of the Reich would produce. Most of the people in the state would welcome it, and the tradition of their separate existence is far from dead.

THE time when the individual German states would be likely to earn their emancipation from direct Allied control would probably greatly differ from state to state. Those of the West and of the Southwest, like Baden and Württenberg, and the old Hanse-towns, like Hamburg and Bremen, still have considerable remnants of a democratic tradition and would probably succeed in a few years. Others will take much longer, and some, like old Prussia, which has practically no such tradition, may take very long indeed. This gradual character of the process, the intervals between the dates at which the various states would achieve some independence, would, however, be very important.

This process of emancipation would have to move toward a state of affairs in which the Allied control would increasingly become confined to the role of the government of federation or even of a confederation. The importance of this gradual process of devolution of powers to the individual states lies in that otherwise Allied control might merely help to prepare another highly centralized system of government ultimately to be handed over to the Germans. An Allied controlled central government of this kind would not long have to rely on a large army of occupation. All it would need, but would need so long as it existed, would be a comparatively small, but highly efficient, striking force to insure obedience of recalcitrant states.

Nothing need or should be announced about any permanent prohibition of the German states reuniting later. The fact that they become ripe for release from Allied control at very different dates, and that most of them would have to build up a new order of their own while much of the rest of Germany was still under Allied control, would in itself operate in the right direction. One may hope that by the time the first of the separate states is ripe for emancipation, this will not have to mean that it must become an entirely independent state. A fully satisfactory solution could only be achieved if by that time some other federation of European states were ready to receive such states into their organization. Release from allied control would then mean transfer from a quasi-federation, in which the "federal" power was exercised under Allied control, to a federation with non-German states, in which the German states would become equal members. The Western German states might thus gradually be transferred to a federation, consisting of say Holland, Belgium, and Scandinavia. Some other German states might at first be allowed to enter into similar arrangements with Czechoslovakia, Austria, and perhaps Switzerland. In the course of time, as more of the German states achieved this status, the balance could of course be preserved only in a much more comprehensive European federation which included France and Italy.

But even if these hopes should prove utopian, there is good reason for expecting that after a period of separate existence the individual German states would be far from anxious once again to merge their individuality in a highly centralized Reich. This at least may be expected if Allied policy, particularly economic policy, during the transition period succeeds in entangling the individual states as closely as possible with their non-German neighbors.



—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Warning to the United Nations

* * *

THIS raises the extremely important problem of economic policy and economic control. There is again probably only one kind of such control which will be both effective and practicable in the long run: to impose free trade on the whole of Germany. This is an essential part of this plan without which it would not work; and it solves many problems which are otherwise probably insoluble.

When I described the powers of the Allied-controlled central government as similar to those of a federal government, this meant, of course, that they included control of trade policy. To leave the power of the foreign trade in the hands of the individual states would give them far too much power over their economic system. To retain a common tariff system for the whole of Germany, on the other hand, would have the effect that the German economic system would be built up again as a highly centralized and self-sufficient system, which is precisely what we must prevent. What we want to achieve is that Germany should become specialized in the fields where she can make the greatest contribution to the world's prosperity but at the same time should become so mixed up with the economy of other countries that she can only prosper by the continuous exchange of her goods with the outside world.

This is precisely what free trade will bring about—and bring about by means of only one control, and that a control which cannot be evaded. Germany would thereby be given a chance of becoming prosperous again without becoming dangerous. She would become largely dependent on imports of food-grains, and would have to buy them by the export of manufacturers. Even if in particular branches of manufacture it might be possible for a German government to counteract the effects of free trade by secret subsidies, it would not be possible to do that for all the essential foods and raw materials which under free trade she could not produce within the country. And controls of imports, whether by tariffs or other restrictions, are almost the only measure which cannot be imposed secretly, since the countries whose exports are

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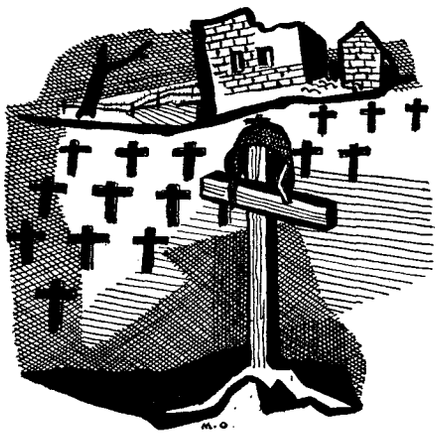
excluded must of necessity be the first to notice them.

* * *

While it will be essential to create conditions which provide an inducement for the Germans to develop into the direction which we wish they should, this would of course, solve only part of the problem. There is also a real task of reëducation which is an exceedingly difficult and delicate one and where in particular the proposals which are most frequently heard are still of a kind which are likely to produce the opposite from what they aim at. The idea that the Germans can be made to think as the Allied powers would wish them to by supplying suitable textbooks on which the future generation of Germans are to be brought up, and by imposing on them a new official creed instead of the old one, is not only to fall into the totalitarian error; it is childishly silly and would be certain to discredit the very ideals which we will want to spread. No, if there is to be any lasting change in the moral and political doctrines dominating Germany, it must come by a gradual process from within, in which those Germans who have understood the corruption must take the lead. Even if their number should prove still smaller than I believe it will be, this is still our only hope. What we have to aim at is not a new indoctrination but a revival of the belief in truth and objective moral standards, not only in private life but in politics, and a readiness to receive and to examine new ideals, which is not encouraged by forcing down a people's throat a ready-made set of principals. The process, like all spreading of ideals, will have to be a gradual one, going down the intellectual ladder from the people who have learned to think critically to those who merely accept what reaches them through the ear or the printed word. The problem will be to find and to assist the men and women in Germany who can get this process started, without, at the same time, discrediting them with their own people, as would undoubtedly happen if they were to become the instruments of the Allied governments. But before considering the practical measures which can be taken for this end, it is necessary to say a little of the main aims toward which these efforts must be directed.

* * *

THERE is much to be learned for this from the process by which Germon moral and political standards became gradually detached from the common Western tradition and by which the peculiar conceptions and ideals of present-day Germany were shaped. If in the sphere of politics and public morals the Germans during the



last seventy years moved progressively away from what we regard as civilized standards, the beginning of this development must be traced to the events and struggles which accompanied the unification of Germany. Bismarck's achievement has so thoroughly blinded even Western historians to his great responsibility for starting a growth which ended with the Nazis, that it is worthwhile recalling some characteristic events of that period—particularly as our main problem will be how far we must accept Bismarck's work as unalterable, or how far it will have to be undone.

How profoundly the means of Bismarck's complete lack of scruple has affected German standards is clearly brought out by his latest and best biography.* Especially the story of the years 1865 to 1871, when Bismarck achieved his greatest success and turned his severest critics into his most enthusiastic admirers, is highly instructive. Till 1865 most enlightened people, in Germany as much as outside, had regarded him as little better than an unscrupulous adventurer. His achievement of the unification of Germany led to a complete change of opinion. And during the later years, when he came to be regarded as the main guarantee of European peace, the infamy of his earlier policy was forgotten, by his most outspoken German critics as much as by most foreign observers—so much so, indeed, that even now such a description of his policy will probably sound exaggerated.

Yet, till success seemed to justify his methods, many of the Germans who later became his most ardent admirers used language quite as strong as this. That was during the years in which the Prussian Diet fought against Bismarck one of the great fights for the law in German history—and Bismarck won by creating against the law the army with which he defeated Austria and France. If the full duplicity of his policy was then only suspected, there can be now no doubt about it. The man who, when reading the intercepted report of one of his dupes among foreign ambassadors in which the latter passed on a solemn assurance he had just received from Bismarck, was capable of scribbling on the margin, "He really believed it!" and the master of corruption from the influence of whose secret funds the German press never fully recovered, deserves all that has been said about him. It is now practically forgotten that Bismarck came near rivalling the Nazis in his brutal treatment of democratic Frankfort, when he sanctioned the extortion of an exorbitant war contribution by the threat of bombarding, starving out, and sacking a German town which had never taken up arms, or by his threat to shoot innocent hostages in Bohemia. And the story of how he engineered the conflict with France as the only means of making an unwilling South Germany forget its dislike of Prussian military dictatorship has only recently been fully understood.

* * *

AT first Bismarck's proceedings caused in Germany widespread and genuine indignation freely expressed, and even among some of the Prussian conservatives. The historian Sybel, later one of his main eulogists, described him as "frivolously unprincipled," Gustav Freytag as "miserable and shamelessly dishonest," and the jurist Ihering spoke of his "revolting shamelessness" and "horrible frivolity." Yet only a few years later most of the same men joined the chorus of unqualified praise and one of these publicly admitted that for such a man of action he was willing to give a hundred men of powerless honesty.

But while foreign observers showed themselves in fact little more impervious to the corrupting influence of success, theirs were temporary lapses and the effect in other countries not great enough to cause such change in moral standards as it did in Germany. There the question at issue was that of her being united as a single nation; it was the achievement of the ambition of generations which had become inextricably mixed up with the methods by which it had been brought about. These methods could not be defended without either grave distortion of facts, or a defense of deception and lying, bribery and brutal terror. A dilemma was created between truth or moral rectitude on the one hand, and what was regarded as patriotic duty, and patriotism proved to be stronger. The principles became firmly established that the end justified the means and that public actions could not be measured by moral standards but only by their fitness for ends.

I cannot go here into the other main part of the Bismarck story, the way

(*Continued on page* 39)

*BISMARCK. *by Erich Eyck. Zürich (Eugen Rentsch Verlag). 1941-1944. 3 vols.*

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Free-Wheeling Among Ideas and Ideals

FATE AND FREEDOM. A Philosophy for Free Americans. By Jerome Frank. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1945. 220 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by THURMAN W. ARNOLD

JUDGE FRANK deals here with the age-old conflict between determinism and free will and the effect of these opposing ideas on the political and social destiny of America. He concludes with the expression of a dynamic social religion, the cornerstone of which is that Americans are free to choose the future of their society. He supports his social philosophy with an interesting review and analysis of political ideals throughout the ages. Skilfully and persuasively, he uses the heavy guns of learning and logic until his subject gets beyond their range. Then he is confronted with the old dilemma of the philosopher, never more pointedly condensed than in H. L. Mencken's epigram: "The cosmos is a gigantic fly-wheel making 10,000 revolutions a minute. Man is a sick fly taking a dizzy ride on it. Religion is the theory that the wheel was designed and set spinning to give him the ride."

This last fortress of skepticism is impossible for the Judge to take by frontal attack. And so he outflanks it with the assertion that American political institutions are founded on the faith that man is the master of his fate and without that faith they will wither and die. "Millions of Americans are today unchurched, unable to find in any existing religious institution the tolerant expression of the common element in their faiths. Many of them, consciously or semi-consciously, feel deprived because no church exists which symbolizes their communal, democratic religious attitudes." Nineteenth-century ideals of individualism and laissez faire have lost their inspirational force. They hamper the growth of institutions representing the coöperative impulses of men. "The balked sense of coöperativeness has given us a deep malaise. We have become lonely persons. Our prized individualism has been too one-sided."

And so Judge Frank gives us a social religion at home and a God who represented a coöperative world order abroad.

To many Americans, especially to the millions who today are unchurched, belief in a valiant God, struggling to establish a democratic order in the universe, makes a strong appeal. Such a God is surely compatible with the basic American credo. Undeniably, many Americans devoted to a more orthodox, monotheistic religion cannot accept such a deity. They should not, however, object if some of their fellow citizens have different religious outlooks. There can be no one prescription for the religion of Americans. This attempt to insist on one means a denial of that freedom of worship guaranteed by our Constitution. But any religion which will be vital in a vital America must, in its own way, stress free will.

"The belief that God helps him who helps himself, will, however, lead to chaos unless we perceive that it includes a belief that we must help one another."

On this rock Judge Frank founds his social church.

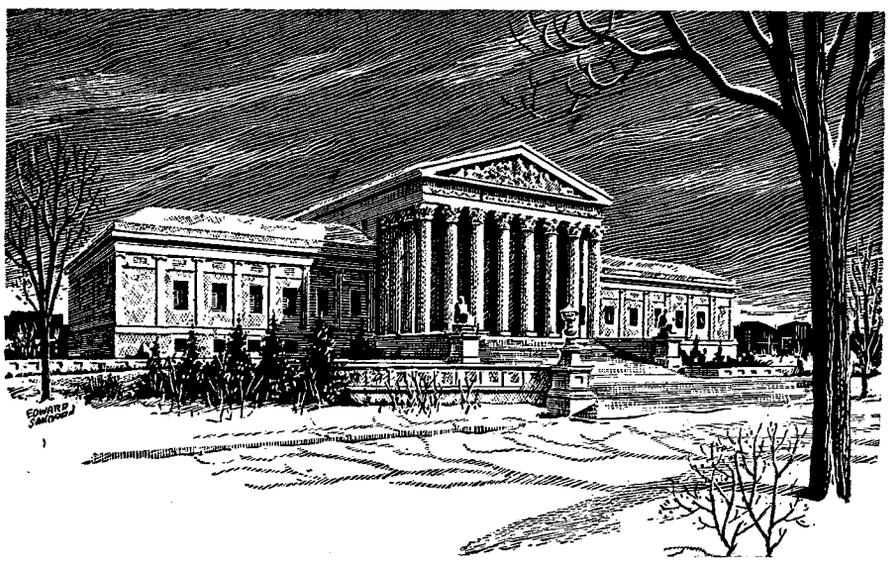
No one with a taste for philosophy can fail to find interest and stimulation in Judge Frank's review of the history of political ideals. Of course, he attacks everyone who does not fit into his synthesis but this is the beauty of a crusader who believes in his cause. Of course, his analysis is subject to endless controversy because it is the function of philosophers to stir up such disputes. If you don't like this book it simply means that you do not care for philosophy.

Personally I think that Judge Frank has started a good church, and he can count on me to sit in a front pew and listen to his sermons with interest and admiration. I doubt, however, if I can ever become a Bishop. I am unable to attack heresies against Judge Frank's religion with the vigor and vim which he requires. Take for example two prominent heretics—Marx and Spengler. To Judge Frank their determinism makes them baleful influences. Yet Marx made one of the most brilliant guesses in economic history when he predicted the consequences of the monopoly concentration of industry. It came true in Germany, though when it arrived it was not the pretty thing of Marx's dream. Spengler predicted the coming of Caesarism, another brilliant guess. It came true in Germany, while the free will philosophers of the democracies were too obsessed with other matters to understand what was going on. It might be well for the leaders of the free will school to pay a little attention to what the professors of the rival college of determinism say before burning them at the stake.

Another reason I must sit in the pew rather than with the vestry is that I do not like Judge Frank's economic heaven. He thinks of the vast integrated industrial corporations as inevitable. It follows that individual freedom can find its expression only in play. This requires us to drop our asceticism and remake America into a vast Greenwich Village. This seems to be a somewhat difficult undertaking. I do not think it will be necessary. It is my own conviction that the new age of light metals and chemicals has made these vast integrated corporations obsolete and created individual economic expression never equaled before. But if I am wrong about this I am equally convinced that destruction of individual freedom in work means destruction of individual freedom in play and in education no matter how much we try to free-will it otherwise. The possibility occurs to me that in attacking Karl Marx the Judge may have absentmindedly swallowed him whole.

But these dissents are only additional evidence of the stimulating character of Judge Frank's book. A philosopher who does not make his fellow philosophers mad is only a second-rate pedant.

Thurman W. Arnold, Associate Justice of the U. S. Court of Appeals, District of Columbia, is author of "The Folklore of Capitalism" and "The Symbols of Government."



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True Democracy Demands Participation

MEN AT WORK. By Stuart Chase. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1945. 146 *pp.* $2.

PRACTICAL APPLICATIONS OF DEMOCRACY. By George B. de Huszar. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1945. 140 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by HERBERT HARRIS

ALTHOUGH the literature of democracy is saturated with the idea of individualism, the modern American, as a genus, has largely lost his individuality. If his job is along an assembly-line, he is likely to be a cog or a number, and does what he is told to do. If he is a small businessman he is usually forced to follow the course marked out for him by more potent rivals. If he is a white-collar employee within the bureaucracy of either a big business organization or government agency, he is all too often merely an occupation, a faceless figure who takes orders for his small task but who has no grasp of the relationship of his function to the whole. The "typical American" tends to live more and more in megalopolis where the height of great buildings and the sweep and cacophony of traffic further reduce his sense of his own significance. Mentally, he is subject to an incessant aural bombardment from the radio, and a visual barrage from newspaper headlines, which as they swell in volume cancel each other out to achieve in auditor or reader a nullity spawned by confusion. Politically, the American registers protest or approval of state policy through the vehicle of one of the two mammoth parties, instead of the direct personalized participation of the town meeting.

In brief, the world which is close to him mechanically (he can hear President Truman make a speech), is remote from him spiritually, for he has no active continuing share in shaping the momentous changes that surround him. His range of freedom which, if it means anything, means the ability to make responsible choice, is therefore constantly narrowed. He feels isolated, suspended, powerless. It is this feeling of separateness, of not belonging, of not counting that is at the core of the desire to give up the struggle to be an independent, self-generating individual, and to submit to the sway of external authority, whether ideational or economic, an authority that can readily become authoritarian.

The decreasing power of the individual to participate positively, either as economic man or the good citizen, is the theme both in Mr. Chase's case-studies of people working together, and in Mr. de Huszar's manual of how to make democracy work by working through the ways of democracy.

Unfortunately, Mr. Chase who is a brilliant economist is less adroit in his account of the methods by which human beings can—and should—cooperate in an intimate environment to release and develop latent capacities and energies. To be sure, he considers in detail the attempts to achieve these results via the W.P.B.'s labor management committees in war factories, the T.V.A.'s magnificent pioneering in communal planning, the education of foremen in the art and science of human relations, the famous probings into labor's psyche at Western Electric's Hawthorne plant, and

the F.S.A.'s settling and reclaiming sharecroppers from the lower depths in its pilot-test experiment at LaFarge, Missouri. But while he gives us plot and characters he fails to convey a sense of the drama implicit in some very fascinating subjects indeed. In his treatment of the government's Training-within-Industry program, for example, which showed management how to upgrade workers rapidly, and showed supervisors how to handle their sections and crews, he misses the intense excitement, the mood of reawakening to an obvious need that accompanied the installation of the T.W.I. technique throughout the nation's war plants. In short, Mr. Chase —gifted and penetrating when it comes to analysis—lacks the true reporter's descriptive and re-creative talents. He draws all the right inferences from his material, but its presentation becomes only a moderately interesting array of triusms instead of something that could increase our understanding by *seeing* what happened.

Although he deals with hypothetical rather than concrete illustrations, Mr. de Huszar contrives to make us see what methods of democratic action can mean in helping to integrate the individual to our bewildering society. "Democracy," he declares, "is something you do, not something you talk about. It is more than a form of government, or an attitude, or an opinion. It is participation." He points out that the prevailing conception of democracy is based on parliaments, constitutions, voting machines, political parties, and civil liberties. While all these are beyond price, they still do not suffice to spark the free spontaneous living that derives from membership in a small manageable group facing problems together.

Our future emphasis, he asserts, must be placed on association with others, in all fields of activity, on a plane of joint approach to the specifics, and immediacies, as against concern with the cosmic issues. Better, he says, in effect, to devote that spare evening to the local scrap drive, or attendance at a school board meeting, or at a local taxpayers session, or at the union conference on new wage rates, or some similar activity about which you can do something, than to spend that evening with the oracles of the airwaves, as they cite the perils to democracy. By taking examples from politics, industry, educational and cultural and community life, Mr. de Huszar has turned out an illuminating, if unpretentious, little book that for many should serve as a guide to the perplexed. It points up, in a simple but pungent fashion, that the most effective campaign against the disintegrations that lead to dictatorship is to unify the individual with his immediate environment, to enable him to ask "why not do it this way?," instead of yielding to the pernicious, ever-growing tendency to say "tell me what to do."

Rising Moon

By Florida Watts Smyth

THE rising moon is farther away than it seems.
Distances are deceptive on the desert.
It's like a wonderful gold balloon that will not burst,
Floating in gray-green twilight above the mountains.
Here, having supper on the rocks at La Peña,
Looking out over the desert,
Suddenly we stand poised on this jagged bit of the turning earth,
Face to face with another planet,
Pursuing, like us, an adventurous course among the stars.

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Almanac for Summer Reading

A Guide to the Forthcoming Books

AMY LOVEMAN

Publication dates are still so uncertain, and are so subject to change, that no attempt has been made to list books more specifically than in the months in which they are to appear.

June

Among the few books still to appear in this month are "Black Weather" (Reynal & Hitchcock), by Berton Roueché, and "The City Is the People" (Reynal & Hitchcock), by Henry S. Churchill. The former, a novel, deals not with climatic conditions but with the mental weather which finally submerges a family in its storms. The latter, after a preliminary survey of the forces which brought cities into being, presents a program for the development of urban areas, illustrating its text with pictures and diagrams.

July

The author of "Father Malachy's Miracle" leads off the month with a delightful novel entitled "The World, the Flesh and Father Smith." Bruce Marshall's hero is a Catholic priest in a Scotch Presbyterian community and the story of his activities over a period of years is witty, caustic, full of tenderness, and, final triumph, entirely lacking in sentimentality. . . .

Oliver LaFarge, scion of an illustrious family and the product of aristocratic schools, begins an interesting autobiography with an heretical account of Groton, and continues thereafter in "Raw Material" (Houghton Mifflin), a frank chronicle of his evolution into a scientist and liberal. . . .

First book under Simon and Schuster's new Venture Press imprint, Edward T. Wallace's "Barington" is a tale of Arkansas in horse-and-buggy days. The story has little plot but the personalities and temper of the community are conveyed through the medium of a hardware store in which people of all kinds foregather. . . .

Alfred A. Knopf continues the excellent work the firm has been doing in introducing South American writers to their Northern neighbors by the publication of Ricardo Palma's "The Knights of the Cape," a story of old Peru. . . .

One of the best-informed and most intelligent of our journalists, Edgar Snow, discusses what he believes will be the shape of things to come in "The Pattern of Soviet Power" (Random House). . . .

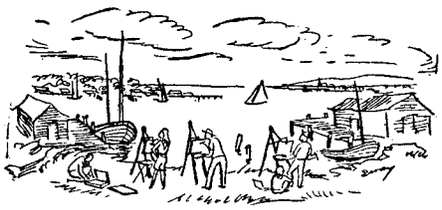
"In China's Crisis" (Knopf) Lawrence K. Rosinger, a member of the Foreign Policy Association, analyzes the status and problems of our Far Eastern ally. . . .

The trio of men who gave the direction to South African history, Lobengula, Rhodes, and Kruger, furnish Stuart Cloete with the subjects for a triangular biography in "Against These Three" (Houghton Mifflin). . . .

Though it is hardly more than a long short story, Dana Burnet's "The Pool" (Knopf), an idyl of young love caught in the tragedy of war, is a touching bit of fiction, marked by imagination and feeling. . . .

Sgt. Thomas R. St. George, whose "c/o Postmaster" proved so popular a book, continues his adventures and reflections in "Proceed Without Delay" (Crowell). . . .

Gertrude Lawrence in a volume of reminiscences, "A Star Danced" (Doubleday, Doran), proves herself as entertaining in print as on the stage. . . .



Harry Brown, who provided such admirable relief from the more terrible side of war in the entertaining dialogue of two of his characters in "A Walk in the Sun," carries that vein further in "Artie Greengroin" (Knopf), a hilarious war book, not, however, without its serious implications. . . .

Nazidom is exposed once more, in all its sadistic ugliness, in Alfred Neumann's novel, "Six of Them" (Macmillan). . . .

Pasturage for the crime lovers in "The Case of the Copy-Hook Killing" (Dutton), by Royce Howes, "The Noose Is Drawn" (Scribners), by Willetta Ann Barber and P. F. Schebelitz, and "Shadow of a Crime" (Dodd, Mead), by John Rhode. . . .

Before his death Hendrik Willem van Loon had begun writing a series of volumes entitled "Fighters for Freedom." Now that he has gone comes a final biography to add to the two books which had preceded it, chroncling the "Adventures and Escapes of Gustavus Vasa" (Dodd, Mead), the liberator of Sweden from tyranny. . . .

Hugh B. Cave has celebrated the exploits, the skill, and the sacrifices of the Air Transport Command in "Wings Across the World" (Dodd, Mead). The thrilling record of a heroic branch of the service.

August

In "The Dawn of Liberation" (Little, Brown), the war speeches of Winston Churchill are gathered together to add another to the series of volumes which will cover the entire course of the conflict. Covers period from February, 1944 to the end of the year. . . .

Humor, excellent characterization, and a delightful story with Tahiti and its people for the theme make Carl Schenck's "Lean with the Wind" (Whittlesey) one of the notable novels of the month. . . .

Twenty years after the events which it chronicled, Lieut.-Col. William Blackford, an adjutant on the staff of the great Confederate cavalry leader, recorded his memories of "War Years with Jeb Stuart" (Scribners). The book, covering the writer's experiences from the First Battle of Bull Run to the surrender at Appomattox, is now first published, and amazingly fresh, vivacious, and interesting a book it is. . . .

Posthumous publication of Carl Becker's "Freedom and Responsibility in the American Way of Life" (Knopf) shows anew how great a loss American scholarship and readership suffered in its author's death. . . .

Family and community life in India as they were revealed to Hilda Wernher when she went to that country to make her home there with her daughter and son-in-law, the latter an East Indian, are vividly depicted in "Marriage to India" (Day). . . .

A promising new novelist makes her bow in Evelyn West's "Animal Fair" (Lippincott), a story of youth in rebellion and turmoil. . . .

Now while there is still time to take a firm stand to insure the success of the San Francisco Conference and Dumbarton Oaks proposals, Alan Cranston, a former foreign correspondent, is publishing a book on the failure of the League of Nations in this country after the last war. "The Killing of the Peace" (Viking), it is called. . . .

Ben Lucien Burman, who has made the Mississippi River his own special ground, if a river can be called ground (there's enough mud in it at times almost to justify the title), and whose war work in Africa has familiarized him with that country, brings the two into an excellent novel entitled "Rooster Crows for Day" (Dutton). . . .

"Rickshaw Boy" (Reynal & Hitchcock), by Lou Shaw, tells with charm and understanding the story of the ex-

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periences, factual and emotional, of a Chinese boy to whom the summit of ambition was to own his own rickshaw. A lovely book. . . .

The reader who knows something of the life of Tolstoy will be fascinated, and the one unfamiliar with it, highly interested, by Tikhon Polner's "Tolstoy and His Wife" (Dutton), admirably translated by Nichilas Wreden.

September

In "The Peacock Sheds His Tail" (Bobbs-Merrill) Alice Tisdale Hobart, who has written in the past with so much understanding and knowledge of the China into which foreign business had penetrated, turns her attention to Mexico, and in the tale of a young girl of that country who fell in love with an American, presents a novel of international relations. . . .

"The Small General" (Macmillan), by Robert Standish, is a delightful portrayal of provincial China during the first thirty years of this century. . . .

Satire, and some inclusions which hardly seem to fall into the category of satire, make a stout volume of Edgar Johnson's "A Treasury of Satire" (Simon & Schuster). . . .

The student of poetry will find good reading and good scholarship in "The Shelley Legend" (Scribners), by Robert M. Smith and Theodore Ehrsam. . . .

Robert Strausz-Hupe, a practised student of international affairs, writes of "The Balance of Power Tomorrow" (Putnam). . . .

Through the years William March has published in various magazines a large number of short stories, dealing some of them with the last war, others with characters and problems in the United States. They are gathered together in a stout volume which has the appropriate title, "Trial Balance" (Harcourt, Brace) and displays variety and range. . . .

Brief but touching, Nicholas Monserrat's "Leave Cancelled" (Knopf) is the story of a night of love and a morn of parting. . . .

Arthur Bryant, whose chronicles of English history have been marked by sound scholarship and brilliance of writing, adds another to his series of works on British annals in "Years of Victory" (Harpers), a volume which covers the period from 1802 to 1812. . . .

Early Oklahoma history and a boyhood in a pioneer country make Marquis James's "Cherokee Strip" (Viking) not only good reading but a valuable addition to Americana. . . .

The story of a soldier who was strangely converted into—it wouldn't be fair to say what—is told with humor and skill, by drawing and caption, in Don Freeman's "It Shouldn't Happen" (Harcourt, Brace).

Direction-Finders to World Government

THE ANATOMY OF PEACE. By Emery Reves. New York: Harper & Bros. 1945. 275 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

AT a time when the noble words "idealist," "perfectionist," "liberal" have been made pusillanimous in the name of a perverted realism, it is refreshing to come upon this book. Emery Reves, its author, rushes to the position to which most thinking people are edging, and from it delivers a table-thumping warning much more in keeping with the urgency of things than the overcautious all-ribbons-tied pronouncements we usually get these days. Like his earlier "A Democratic Manifesto" this is a stimulating and sinewy little volume, as wise as any yet written on the true fundamentals of what it takes to make peace a reality.

Reves tells us what we all must know deep in our hearts whether we wish to admit it or not—that the world will be free from the fear of war only when there is a universal planetary system of law strong enough to prevent nations from jumping at each others' throats. Any scheme of peace and world settlement that ignores this basic and obvious principle is patchwork. Only when the sovereign power now resting in lesser social units—and these include nations—is transferred to the larger and higher unit of a world government will the hackneyed phrase "winning the peace" have honest meaning. For as Mr. Reves maintains, the basic cause of wars is summed up in the axiom, "War takes place whenever and wherever nonintegrated social units of equal sovereignty come into contact."

The political and social thinking of the first half of the twentieth century is almost exclusively from a nationalistic point of view. It is about as realistic as the Ptolemaic theory of astronomy that saw the earth as the center of the universe with the stars, the moon, and the sun revolving about it. Until this nation-centric fallacy is destroyed, until the separateness of countries is rooted out of our thinking by speculation as daring in its field as that of Copernicus in astronomy, there can be no scheme of world order other than outright and bloody conquest—a *pax Romana* based on might and terror. Yet the seventy or eighty sovereign states of the world, even though bound together by such apparent things as our much-touted system of transport, seem reluctant to accept the one working hypothesis in which there is promise of solving the chaos in which they struggle.

Emery Reves finds "nationalism . . . an anachronism."

The old fetish of tribalism taints the most modern Utopian plans. "The real powers of historical evolution have always been and are today more than ever, transcendental emotions, tribal instincts, beliefs, faith, fear, hatred, and superstition." And yet the best that is offered us is that dominant feature of current thinking which claims that institutions alone can change human nature. Even more bedeviling is the general belief that sovereignty is something that can rest only on the state. Sovereignty belongs to the people. It can be transferred by them to a world government as readily as they transfer it from a state to a nation. The crux of the problem, then, is to make enough individuals realize what experience has demonstrated through all our history—that there has been one method and one method alone which has approached the ideal of human freedom. That method is law. And law must rest in government. And, to carry Mr. Reves's logic to its devastatingly simple conclusion, law that will insure freedom from war must rest in a government that embraces all who could make war. To the sneer, "superstate," the author replies that a superstate is not the all-embracing one he advocates, but rather the leviathan fascist state, a plethora of which we will undoubtedly get if we do not provide the world government the times are crying for.

Capitalism, socialism, religion, all have failed, he claims, because they have compromised with nationalism. Nationalism is an anachronism, at odds with industrialism which demands freedom from the political boundaries so irrelevant to raw materials and markets. Internationalism and collective security are archaic ideas, too, for they carry in them the seeds of their own destruction since they subscribe to no law superior to that of

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the individual nations. So, too, with treaties. Treaties are static things. Thousands of them have failed and others will go on failing since the only thing about the status quo that can be guaranteed is that it will change. Law alone is elastic and dynamic enough in this sphere. Hence Mr. Reves comes back again and again to the basic dogma to which his examination of all articles of faith leads him—a dogma which he knows is unassailable and which he beats out with the passion it demands: "Peace in a society means that relations among the members of the society are regulated by law, that there is a democratically controlled machinery of lawmaking, of jurisdiction, and that to carry out these laws the community has the right to use force, a right which is denied to the individual members of that community."

This thesis, which seems to become more evident with every dispatch from Trieste, Poland, the Near East, and San Francisco, is presented here with the vigor and vehemence it deserves. Maybe Mr. Reves oversimplifies, maybe his analogies between the modern nation-state system and medieval feudalism are a little strained; maybe, too, he brushes aside too easily the psychological factors of place and group loyalties. But what he says needs to be said as long as the familiar game of power politics continues to be played and as long as isolationism continues to run rampant in all the great nations as it does today.

Some readers of this book are going to feel that the author has failed to stress the social revolution aspects of this war. Others who subscribe to the currently popular notion of multiple causation, might well be annoyed by his translation of all historical phenomena into one single datum.

But the real trouble with a book like this is that it may not have enough readers. We still need the pamphlet, book, or sermon that will galvanize us to a twentieth-century realization that the universal brotherhood of man is not a sentimental sign but a working concept vital to the survival of every one of us. That tract will have in it the reasonableness of Mr. Reves. It will have too his impatience with social and economic doctrinaires and his fear that the only logical outcome of a particularistic industrial world is a melee of fascist states—no matter to what idealogy they give lip service. It might well be as pulpiteering as "The Anatomy of Peace." But it probably will be much more concrete. More likely than not it will have a title as simple as Wendell Willkie's "One World" and will be as breathtakingly obvious as the Sermon on the Mount.

The Inspiration and Industry of Jeremy Ingalls

TAHL. By Jeremy Ingalls. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. 621 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by RAYMOND HOLDEN

MISS INGALLS, until the publication in 1941 in the Yale Series of Younger Poets, of her book "The Metaphysical Sword," was an unknown figure in American poetry. That volume brought her close to the front rank, earned her a Guggenheim Fellowship and an award from the American Academy, but scarcely hinted at the work upon which she had been engaged since 1931, when she was barely twenty.

"Tahl," a long poem of more than six hundred printed pages, has now appeared to prove that Miss Ingalls, more than any American poet known to this reviewer, has been putting the past fourteen years to good use. For "Tahl" is a monument to a genuine poet's inspiration, ability, and industry. I know of no American poet, living or dead, who has produced anything comparable to it. I know of none who has attempted to. This is unmistakably a major work and Miss Ingalls, by its production, establishes herself as one of the most interesting and promising poets working in this country today.

"Tahl," it is true, will win her more praise than readers, but anyone who cares to make a concentrated effort to follow the long course of its hero in his long search for a resolution of the dilemma of man's nature will be amazed and can hardly fail to be delighted, frequently, if not constantly, by what he finds.

—*Elizabeth R. Anrod*

Jeremy Ingalls is "one of the most interesting and promising poets in this country today."

Miss Ingalls has conceived the idea of writing a long poem about man, man the individual and man the by-product of societal evolution, the product of the history of man's achievements and the pyramiding words of his mind. She has taken, for focus, the man Tahl, an uncommon human being with a common heritage, who seeks to find answers to the dissatisfactions and torments which are a part of every man's nature. Miss Ingalls's poem shows Tahl as a particular being and as a generalized being. In order to do this she introduces the voices of Tahl's friends, enemies, and casual acquaintances who produce a kind of stereoscopic effect bringing into relief aspects of Tahl's existence which mere statement about him could not make clear.

It is impossible in brief space to describe the ramifications of Tahl's nature and the wanderings of his story. Even with considerable space it would be difficult to do so, since this reviewer is pretty well baffled by Miss Ingalls's manner of recounting some of them. It is apparent, however, that Tahl's quest is ended, to the author's, if not the reader's, satisfaction, with the discovery that man is both centralized in himself and decentralized in his fellow-beings and that the refuge, for man, from uncertainty, doubt, and despair is in the unity of all varieties of human life and its manifestations.

Miss Ingalls's enormous work adds up to something so considerable that the reader may well ask whether or not the author has done what she set out to do. There are many difficulties in the path of any artist who attempts to dramatize on so vast a scale the elusive and inapprehensible purposes and effects of mankind. Miss Ingalls has had less trouble with the technical difficulties than she has had with the intellectual obstacles. Her verse is excellent, often magnificent, and the fundamental implications are sound. There is, however, something about this massive work which suggests that the orchestration of the instrumental voices suffers from a failure on the part of the composer to realize that all sounds do not have, in a score, the exact effect which they may have in their creator's mind. It is perhaps inevitable that a work upon which an author has been engaged for fourteen years should reflect changes in the author's state of mind, changes which may easily leave their mark upon the work and serve as red-herrings dragged across the trail which the reader follows. Miss Ingalls was only twenty when the conception of her poem came to her. It seems to this particular reader that, had she given a different

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set of values to the various positions which her great idea occupied in her mind over the years of its progress, much of the book that is vague and mystifying might have been sharper and clearer.

It is, however, a poet's business to concern himself, in whatever manner he sees fit, with his relationship to prophecy for man. No one should ask a poet to write in words of one syllable or to refrain from speaking in riddles, simply because readers do not know any polysyllabic words nor the answers to any riddles. No one ever learns anything by being confronted always with nothing but what he already knows. "Tahl" is a difficult book and it does not seem to be exactly what Miss Ingalls intended it to be, but it is the work of a true poet and it is full of very genuine wisdom very beautifully expressed. Anyone who has the desire and the patience to look for it and who is willing to forget the humiliation of being forced to stir himself a little in the looking will find something that will make him remember and admire Miss Ingalls as a poet. Now that she has gotten "Tahl" off her chest she should be able to infuse American poetry with a great deal of beauty, a great deal of strength and intellectual vitality.

The Theory and Practice of Ben Hecht

THE COLLECTED STORIES OF BEN HECHT. New York: Crown Publishers. 1945. 524 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

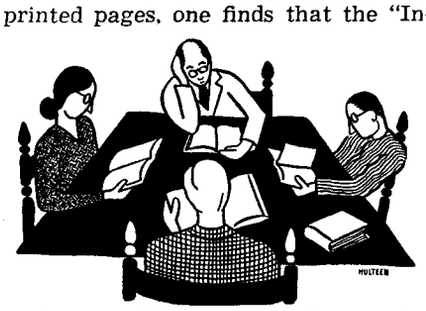
A GOOD many years ago, when I was buying advertising space for a publishing house, a friend of mine arrived in my office to sell space. Having just been made advertising manager of a new magazine, he was carrying a stack of famous monthlies under his arm, but no copy of the one he represented. Slowly, impressively, item by item, he laid the rival products on my desk, and as he put down each familiar periodical he said: "Ours is nothing like that." His own never appeared at all, but when he left the office he had made a sale.

Ben Hecht employs a similar approach, although he follows it by displaying his own product in full measure, and with full success. In "Some Introductory Thoughts," he warns off readers "who like to read about very dull people who do and say dull things under the delusion that they, the readers, are coming to grips with Real Life by such slumming." He also warns off those "who admire Slices of Raw Life—real human beings lying inanimately on a fictional platter like a collection of rutabagas and pineapples." And those "who fancy what they like to call a chaste style and demand that a love story or a great adventure be told in words that would not embarrass a tomato-can label." And those who are afraid of wit and verbal feathers, who "refuse to believe that gayety and not pain may be the mark of intellect." Declares Mr. Hecht:

> I have disliked always stories in which, right bang in front of you, nothing happens. And I have disliked always stories which have for their plots the opening of a door, or the creaking of a rocker or somebody sighing at a soda fountain. And I have disliked always stories that tried to make me feel what a subtle fellow I was to understand them. There is at present a rash of this pretentious and inept vignette-fiction—and all of it is as subtle as a bad shave.

Further, and affirmatively, he declares that the stories composing the present volume "were written out of a greater variety of moods than it is customary for one writer to have"; that they were all written to cheer himself up, to "escape the gloomy pits of information" in his mind; but that "innocence and gayety are not constantly present" in them, since "the folly and poison of life manage to unhorse" his "sturdiest efforts at cheer."

Turning to the tales that fill more than five hundred large and solidly printed pages, one finds that the "Introductory Thoughts," both negative and affirmative, are very much to the point: full of truth, empty of wishful thinking, innocent of self-deception. There are no dull people and no dull deeds in Ben Hecht's collected stories, there are no cold slices of life, there is no lack of wit and verbal feathers, there is no pseudo-subtlety, and the reader is never reduced to finding excitement in an opening door, a creaking rocker, or soda fountain sighing. Bang, right in front of you, something is happening all the time; all manner of things, ranging in their nature from farce to tragedy, from burlesque to mysticism, from fact to fantasy. Among these happenings, an entomologist becomes a termite and saves the world from a new species of stone-eating insects, a famous Hungarian playwright lifts a New York refugee colony from the sad depths of anonymity to new heights of publicity and happiness, an angel comes to redeem mankind and shares self-crucifixion with the sons of earth, a rabbi gives rest to a soul that has been demon-driven for centuries, a smart criminal lawyer outsmarts himself, an old actor stages an unprecedented farewell performance, an old Jew dies among kind people, a ventriloquist commits murder, and the Czar of all the Russias takes in washing.



Some of these matters are not meant to be taken seriously, some cannot be taken otherwise, and still others show wisdom at the service of extravagant invention. Even in his lightest moments, Hecht is likely to strike a sudden, serious blow at sham or folly or original sin. His most feathery dishes have their solid bits. His most fantastic flights are powered by a thorough knowledge of humanity and guided by sure psychological insights. One can never tell when the "gloomy pits of information" are likely to display their bitter yield, when the "poison of life" will get in its work. One never knows when one will hear the "moan" which he says lurks in the corners of many of his tales; a moan that is never self-pitying, that is for mankind.

Mr. Hecht's style is a medley of styles, all serviceable in their various ways, some more admirable than others. He loves to write with a flourish, he loves to write with a swagger, but he can also write with sobriety and restraint when he chooses. His passion for word-play, for similes in particular, often leads him into excess, but even his excesses are effective, while his best similes serve, as such figures should, to illuminate or extend the significance of their objects.

Mr. Hecht can be loud and flashy when the mood is on him, but these traits are only the obverse of a sensitivity—a feeling for man, for nature, and for beauty—that enables him to write as he does when he describes Father Dominic pretending to be a plant, in the story called "Death of Eleazer." He has much tenderness. He has great vitality and a vaulting imagination. He is prodigal with his powers of entertainment. He has talents enough for a half-dozen writers, and experience enough. These talents have expressed themselves freely in many directions, through many media, and never through repetitive formulas. Had they been strictly disciplined and channeled, their possessor might possibly now enjoy a more elevated "artistic" reputation than he does. He might even have written better stories than the ones you will find in this collection. But these will do very well, indeed.

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Re-education in India

HOME TO INDIA. By Santha Rama Rau. New York: Harper & Bros. 1945. 236 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT OKIN

WHEN Miss Santha Rama Rau returned to India after ten years' absence she was sixteen and almost as foreign to her native land as the young Englishman she met on the boat. Daughter of an Indian diplomat, member of a high-caste Brahmin family, British-educated, Miss Rama Rau saw no reason why she should not accept the young Englishman's invitation to have a drink at the Bombay Yacht Club.

> Mother looked at me very strangely.
> "Oh, of course," she said at last, "I had forgotten. *He's* a stranger here as well, isn't he?"
> "Yes. Why?"
> Mother smiled. "I hate to break it to you like this but no Indians are allowed in the Yacht Club. Exclusively for Europeans."

In two years the young lady learned a great deal more. She not only had the advantage of entree to top Indian social and political circles, she was curious about what lay beneath. Easily, wittily, without neglecting the normal preoccupation with dresses, dances, and servants, Miss Rama Rau has written the story of her discovery of India and of herself. Beneath a brittle surface of girlishness there emerges a picture of India—unhappy, starving, ignorant, and seething but hopeful and determined.

In Delhi Miss Rama Rau first thought that the families cooking their meals on little charcoal burners in the streets were picnicking. When she found out that the gutters were their homes she took her sister on an experiment:

> We went down to one of the poorest food bazaars to find out what was the most food we could buy for a pice, which is about the sum a family spends for a meal. It seemed to us incredible that one could buy anything at all for half a penny, but apparently millions of people were doing it. We spent about two hours in our search, bargaining with merchants, looking for lower prices, and found that the most a pice would buy was a large *chapati*—the thin Indian wheat cake—and one onion. Of course, the "real Indians" would have been able to get more for the money than we did, but not enough to make the difference between semi-starvation and minimum healthy diet.

In Kashmir she wandered with her sister through the abysmal slums where craftsmen made exquisite embroidery, rugs, carvings, and furniture for wages of ten cents a day.

> As we walked back through the hot alleys which smelled of food and latrines, we kept our eyes uncomfortably on the open drains in the narrow, unpaved roads. We were, as usual, surrounded by small, deformed children with sore eyes and pleading voices. . . . By now we could look at their lice and festering boils with no sign of repulsion.

Back in Bombay the family cook was called in, given the menu for dinner, and casually informed that the guest was India's number two political figure, Jawaharlal Nehru. The cook, a "hard-faced and taciturn man," had never aroused much interest in the household but that night he became an individual. To the Rama Rau establishment dinner varied considerably from plan but brought from Nehru a compliment. Later, the cook admitted that he had made the changes after seeking out Nehru's servants and learning their master's special tastes. He had purchased the groceries with his own money and he refused to be reimbursed. Nehru, explained the cook, "will be the savior of our country." The dinner was the kitchen's tribute.

There are vignettes of old-fashioned households and old-fashioned ways, of the late Sir Rabindranath Tagore, of Mohandus Gandhi, of buying saris, of applying Indian cosmetics, of consulting an astrologer.

Two years convinced Miss Rama Rau that she wanted to study in the United States and her mother chose the college in her own fashion:

> "No daughter of mine," said Mother decisively, "will go to any college called *Smith*. I cannot pronounce Bryn Mawr, and I doubt if any of my friends can. I refuse to be prohibited from talking about you because I can't say the name of your college. As for Vassar, Caroline tells me that it has a reputation for country club life, so that is out of the question."
> "As I remember," Premila put in, "Anne of Green Gables went to Radcliffe."
> "Then I consider Wellesley as chosen," Mother said. . . .

—Clara Sepprelli

Miss Rau gives "a picture of India—starving, ignorant . . . hopeful, determined."

Now a graduate of Wellesley and the OWI, Miss Rama Rau is awaiting her return to India. One can only hope that she will continue to record both her own and India's progress.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

UNIQUE COMBINATIONS

This week's quiz consists of twenty unique combinations of adjective and noun. Can you match up each combination with the name of the poet who used it? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 44.

1. Beaded bubbles.	( ) Matthew Arnold.
2. Blithe spirit.	( ) George Gordon Byron.
3. Brave vibration.	( ) Lewis Carroll.
4. Committed linnets.	( ) Samuel Taylor Coleridge.
5. Complaining flute.	( ) John Dryden.
6. Counterfeited glee.	( ) Oliver Goldsmith.
7. Demon lover.	( ) Thomas Gray.
8. Fairest wights.	( ) Robert Herrick.
9. Fantastic arabesques.	( ) Thomas Hood.
10. Hot haste.	( ) Leigh Hunt.
11. Ignorant armies.	( ) John Keats.
12. Inward eye.	( ) Richard Lovelace.
13. Livelier iris.	( ) John Milton.
14. Simple annals.	( ) Edgar Allan Poe.
15. Starving chemist.	( ) Alexander Pope.
16. Sweet accord.	( ) William Shakespeare.
17. Uncertain rustling.	( ) Percy Bysshe Shelley.
18. Uncessant care.	( ) Alfred Tennyson.
19. Unwomanly rags.	( ) Oscar Wilde.
20. Vorpal sword.	( ) William Wordsworth.

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The Dark Man's Burden

COLOR AND DEMOCRACY. By W. E. Burghardt DuBois. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1945. 143 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by H. A. OVERSTREET

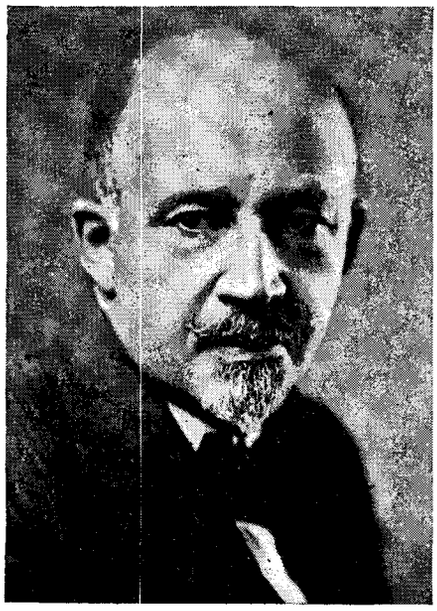
NO evil enterprise of man has been more successfully camouflaged than that of colonial exploitation. The good people of the so-called civilized nations seem not even to have known it to be evil. A powerful image has been created of beneficent advanced peoples bringing civilization to backward peoples. In that image the backward peoples have been seen as by nature incapable of civilizing themselves, and as waiting, so to speak, for the white man, with his revealed religion and his ingenuity, to bring hope to their benighted life.

No more tragic untruth has ever held possession of men's minds. The facts have been quite otherwise. The white man, with his Bible-led industry and finance, his military power, and his labor impressment, has deliberately uprooted cultures that have been sound and effective in their way and substituted conditions making for incredible poverty, disease, and virtual slavery among hundreds of millions of defenceless people.

The nineteenth century was obsessed with the concept of race inferiority. Given the concept of hordes of variously colored creatures inherently incapable of raising themselves above their primitive level, and the enterprise of colonialism looked like a crusade in behalf of God. This pseudo-scientific judgment about "inferior" races provided the basis for one of the most gradiose rationalizations in history. Not only was a tremendous financial structure built upon it, but it involved the master nations in so keen a competition for the ownership of these "backward" peoples that world politics today is all in a snarl because of it. Britain, Belgium, Holland, France, and other possessing nations are hard put to it to see why they should relinquish claim upon their highly profitable ownership of human lives. The Conference at San Francisco has been torn by conflicting attitudes on trusteeship and the ultimate goal of the exploited peoples.

Meanwhile the popular mind is far more concerned over whether the big Five shall have veto power and over the settlement of the Polish question than it is over the fate of colonial and dependent peoples. The reason for this is that the image created in the minds of most of us through text books and religious teaching still prevails; and we are content to believe that the civilized nations bring Christ and progress to the primitive peoples.

It is time now that a new image be created. First, we need to create the image of ourselves as having been deceived by pseudo-scientific pronouncements about race inferiority, and as having, because of that deception, lent our moral support to colonial enterprises throughout the world whose primary motive has been not the welfare of dependent lands and peoples but abnormal profits for investment capital. "Not until we face the fact," writes Dr. DuBois, "that colonies are a method of investment yielding unusual returns, or expected to do so, will we realize that the colonial system is a part of the battle between capital and labor in the modern economy."



—*Addison N. Scurloch*

W. E. Burghardt DuBois: "The colonial system is a part of the battle between capital and labor."

Capital has got away with murder in the colonies largely because labor has not seen colonial capital as its enemy. Labor's fight against capital has been carried on wholly within the domestic economies. We remember how Ramsay Macdonald's government, planning socialism for Britain, out-Toried the Tories in its treatment of the colonies. It is deplorable but true that labor throughout the world has been largely unconcerned about the issue of imperialism. The problems of variously colored peoples have been distant and little understood; hence for the worker the image of the whites as the beneficent civilizers has prevailed.

In the second place, we need now to create a new image of those millions of people whom we have hitherto so cavalierly exploited. Modern anthropological and psychological science has new things to say about racial incapacities. It flouts the notion that darker skin color and an inability thus far to excell in the stratagems of mechanical warfare are signs of human incapacity. Nor does it mince words about the evil of uprooting indigenous cultures in behalf of the competitive artificialities of white man's culture.

> Perhaps the greatest disaster that the colonial system has brought to primitive peoples is the ruthless and ignorant destruction of their cultural patterns. Family life has been disrupted, women have been violated, children corrupted and freed of control, political organization overthrown, property ownership and control overridden, and the whole of the primitive life caricatured and made mock of. Only in recent days have scientists called to the attention of the world the values of primitive culture—the fact that in many respects these ways of living have solved social difficulties better than civilized lands have been able to do.

This book by Dr. DuBois is a small volume of 143 pages; but it contains enough dynamite to blow up the whole vicious system whereby we have comforted our white souls and lined the pockets of generations of freebooting capitalists. Its chief value lies in what it reveals to us of conditions that hitherto we have merely taken for granted. Dr. DuBois knows the colonial situation. He has travelled widely among colonial peoples; and he has looked at their problems through his own eyes rather than through the eyes of the ruling caste. What he has to report is not pretty reading; it is not calculated to make us feel proud of ourselves—although we Americans have a little to our credit in the more recent handling of our own possessions. But it is reading that is utterly essential if we want to understand the fullness of the world job that is ahead of us.

It is frequently said that with the advent of the United Nations organization, we must now become global minded. Global-mindedness, however, requires more than a kind of geographic expansion of our minds. It requires an understanding of what has been happening to the forgotten peoples of the world. "Imperialism," "colonialism" must become for us words of warning. They express a carryover from a century which exploited human beings in the name of pseudo-science and for the glory of the white man's God. It may be that in assuming world obligations we may learn a new sensitivity about the enslaved peoples of the world.

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Strictly Personal

A NOTE ABOUT THE DODGERS

THE Brooklyn Dodgers baseball team and the Brooklyn fans have, in recent years, become a sure-fire laugh. For newspaper columnists, radio writers and gagsters, motion-picture scenarists, and an odd assortment of professional and amateur humorists, the Brooklyn baseball team and its noisy clientele are, in fact, a good substitute for humor. The doings of the fans and the errors of the players on the field are becoming something of a commercialized myth. However, this myth is not purely a concoction. Never in my life have I seen fans stand around a baseball park after a game arguing with such intense passion about batting averages as I have on one or two occasions when I have gone to Ebbets Field: and here the interests of veracity compel me to add that in the case of these arguments I heard, both, or rather, all sides happened to be wrong. I trust, however, that no one will say that I have said that no Brooklyn fans know the exact figures, or the approximate ones of the batting averages about which they argue as if the discussion involved the fate of the universe. I merely state in the interests of exactitude that errors of fact were committed in the instance of heated verbal fisticuffs which I heard in Flatbush.

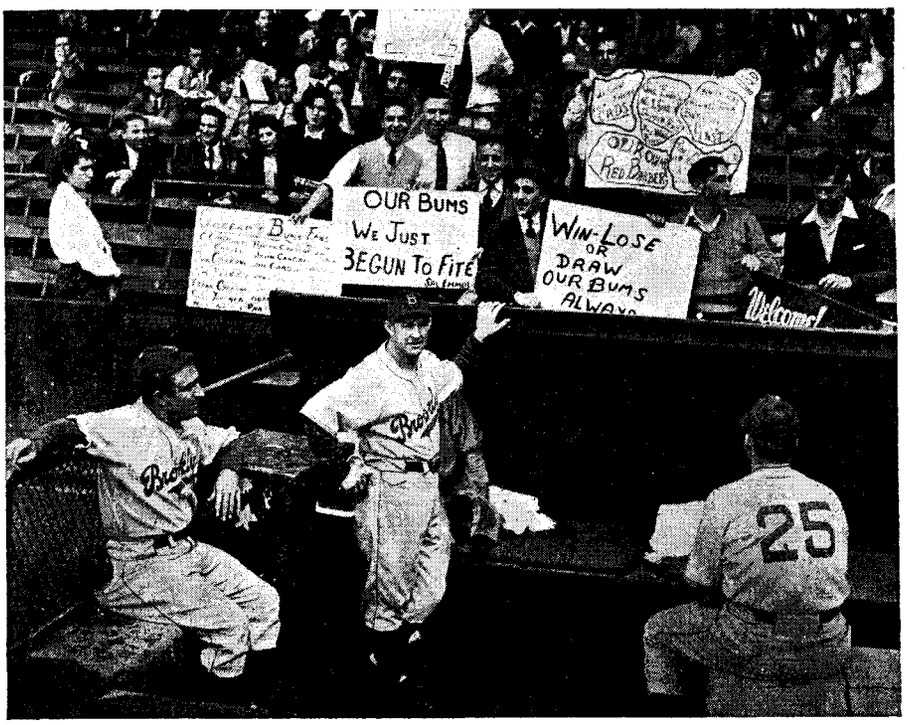
Another little instance comes to mind from my treasure of baseball memories. One summer day when I was watching the Dodgers play the New York Giants, a man sat near me. He was distinguished neither by his lung power nor his physical size. Withal, he let out a few yells, and these were not complimentary to the Brooklyn baseball club which, as fate decreed, was not that day playing precisely errorless ball: nor was it playing that brand of inside scientific baseball which is described in a book of my boyhood, and which bears the name of those well-known authors, Johnny Evers and Bill Klem. At all events, Brooklyn fans who did happen to be distinguished by their lung power and their physical size turned on this man with such absorbing interest that they forgot both the New York Giants and the umpire. In the ensuing argument, the rather weak-voiced and small fellow got into a squabble about the price of admission. An ardent citizen of Brooklyn wildly declared that this man had not even paid to get into this ball park. This ardent fan's intuition was perfect and confronted with the blunt facts, the undoubtedly fascist-minded anti-Brooklyn diversionist enemy of the people was forced to confess. He had gotten into the ball park on a pass. The tribunes of the people—*i.e.*, the Brooklyn fans—all talked at once, and in such a volume of sounds that I was unable to hear all that was said, and as fast as I did hear anything, the shouting immediately blasted the meaning out of my head. At all events no violence was done. But one of the Brooklyn fans did say: "He gets in for nothin', and he's a Giant fan." Treason has never been more vile than this. The man with the deficiencies in lung power who did not seem to appreciate the way in which some of the Brooklyn players managed not to catch a ball, kept silent for the remainder of the afternoon.

Another peculiarity of Brooklyn fans which I have observed is that quite a number of them go—or at least they used to go—to the ball games armed with a portable radio, and while they were watching the game, they would also listen to the account of the plays they were seeing as this came over the radio: they would, naturally, also listen to the radio register their loud, sometimes violent, and sometimes almost ecstatic shouts, roars, shrieks, yells, whoops, and wahoos.

However, all this is merely random comment to serve as a long introduction to a review of Frank Graham's book, "The Brooklyn Dodgers."* This is an informal history of the Brooklyn National League baseball club, and of baseball events of the last century in Brooklyn which bear on the development and history of that organization. Mr. Graham writes what is an easily readable book for those who happen to care about reading books on baseball. A few of the anecdotes are amusing, and tend to confirm the spiritual portrait which the late Ring Lardner wrote about baseball players. Judging from Mr. Graham's anecdotes, it is not possible to claim that Lardner exaggerated. In addition, Mr. Graham gives us a sense of the personalities of some of the figures who have played a role in the history of this ball club. After reading his book, one has, for instance, some sense of what Mr. Ebbets, Wilbur Robinson, Mr. McPhail, and Durocher are more or less like as human beings: his account of Robinson reveals a likable and rather human person.

The book also reveals certain other facts which—while not clearly evaluated and analyzed—are suggestive concerning changes in the history of baseball. One of these is the role of radio. Mr. Graham's account of the bringing of Red Barber to Brooklyn to broadcast baseball games suggests the role of radio in drumming up customers at the gate. The implica-

**THE BROOKLYN DODGERS. By Frank Graham. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. 1945. 248 pp. $2.75.*



—Acme Photo

The good old Gowanus spirit on the playing fields of Ebbets. Dodger rooters regard every contested decision during a game as a crisis of civilization.

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tions of this fact are clear. It is one of the factors in the increasing commercialization of baseball, and in its gradual development to the point where baseball has, in effect, become a big business. If one compares this book with Mr. Graham's biography of the late John McGraw, and also, with Frederick G. Lieb's book, "The St. Louis Cardinals" (a book written much more badly than this one), the following fact becomes clear. The changes in the size and general business organization of baseball are gradually introducing new types of personalities in the game, and with this the behavior of both the business executives and the players seems to change somewhat. This contrast is further marked within the book. The earlier figures of the game were more buoyant, more boyish, and their clowning, their tricks, their quarrels seem more natural. There is a touch of the vaudeville in anecdotes about modern players, a touch of acting as if some of their outbursts were consciously or unconsciously motivated by a sense of the audience in mind. However, I feel it necessary to add that here I state an impression based merely on these books, and not on direct experience. Nevertheless, the contrasts in these books show us that the personalities in the game have begun to change with changing conditions. The older and earlier persons who became owners and executives were often players who came up from the ranks, and the anecdotes about them suggest that to some extent they remained players even as owners, players in their attitude towards the game. Newer figures in the business office appear in the pages of these books more as capable and sure businessmen and promoters with Hollywood personalities.

Most baseball writers give the impression that they write with tongue in cheek. They do not quite identify themselves with the game, and the players they describe: on the other hand, they do not completely separate themselves. They do not write of the heroic glories of the diamond as if they believed these to be heroic glories and mighty home runs, and they do not, to the contrary, separate themselves from this boylike attitude about baseball. In consequence, they give one the impression that they are catering to the fans, giving the fans what they think the fans want. Thus, on the one hand, their writings are not simple and direct, based on real enthusiasm: on the other hand, their writings are not objective and serious in the sense that baseball is full of personalities and patterns of behavior which are highly revealing of the character of contemporary American social life and culture. Often their writings give the impression that they became personally involved with some owners and players, liking or disliking them. Personalities presented in an anecdotal fashion are interlarded with accounts of games, summaries of what happened during this or that season, accounts of trades, changes in ownership, sales of clubs, and so on. Mr. Graham is more free of these traits than other writers I know of, with one or two exceptions: one exception is John Carmichael of the *Chicago Daily News* who is, in my opinion, perhaps the best baseball writer in America today. Inasmuch as baseball books are now apparently saleable, one regrets that he does not write a real book on baseball and its personalities. To continue, one is often not sure as to how the writer himself feels about what he writes. Such writing has about it the air of merely being a job done.

My comments here should be taken in a social not a personal sense. It would seem that, if hundreds of thousands of people love a sport to the extent that they spend millions of dollars to see professionals in this sport perform, then accounts of it should be more than mere professional routine. One would expect more enthusiasm and a contagious interest in writing on this sport, or else an objectivity about it which sees it as something to study, something seriously to record for what it means. The conclusion one is forced to draw from such observations on baseball writing is that it becomes more and more a mere job. There can be no doubt but that baseball writing has declined in recent years. The sporting pages even become somewhat Broadwayized, revealing traits of the gossip columns. We are a long way from Ring Lardner, or from Westbrook Pegler who—regardless of his present politics—was a good sporting writer.

—*Acme Photo*

Progress at a baseball game in Brooklyn is measured in decibels. What happens in addition to the sound and the fury is a haberdasher's nightmare.

Mr. Graham's account suggests why for many years Brooklyn has had inferior teams. The club was run on a shoestring. Reading the names of players who came to Brooklyn from other teams, one sees this. Fading player after fading player was brought to Brooklyn to creak through his last season or so of activity. There have been many seasons when the microphonic voices of Flatbush have resounded in naive and vain faith, while the team was run on what Broadway people would call "coffee and doughnuts" money. The financial history of baseball, its economics, its business policies, all this is highly interesting, and it has had many consequences on the game. Perhaps this, also, will someday be studied.

A final point. Baseball writers are quite fond of anecdotes about the dumbness of ball players. And much evidence verifies that ball players are often dumb. But even many of the dumb players do their work very well. This is decidedly true of Babe Hermann, about whom Mr. Graham tells some amusing anecdotes. One day, I think that a very dumb baseball player is going to turn up, and in his dumb way he is going to say most dumbly to a smart baseball writer: "You write and do your job as well as I play my position, and then laugh at me."

JAMES T. FARRELL.

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STRANGE DOINGS

STRANGE and ugly things are happening today to some of our liberal intellectuals. Some of our best known writers and public figures are walking out on the peace. A corroding pessimism and cyncism of precisely the type that set in after the last war is again beginning to assert itself. Gaetano Salvemini, the Italian historian and political scientist, is convinced that all is lost and that there is nothing that can be done to save the world from a final catastrophe in five years. Louis Fischer goes all the way back to Teheran and Yalta for his particular jeremiad, claiming that the pattern of doom was blocked out at that time, and that it is now too late to undo the damage. Other prominent literary figures have joined the wake not only by expressing disappointment in the United Nations Security Conference at San Francisco, but by actually *opposing* the San Francisco Charter. San Francisco, they say, is *worse* than nothing. It looks as though the Wheelers, Nyes, and McCormicks are going to have some unexpected assistance in their fight to keep America isolationist.

What is behind this dangerous defeatism, this shift in positions? In the main, what has happened is that these writers, and others like them, have felt that the world was urgently in need of one kind of peace but was getting another. There seems to be a conviction that nothing short of world government can work and that we are deceiving ourselves if we think that any durable structure of world peace is provided for in the San Francisco Charter. Another way of stating this argument is to say that ratification of San Francisco serves to ratify an illusion—the illusion that the Charter provides security and the necessary machinery for enforcing it. It follows from this argument that if we remain out of the Charter, we at least are not depending on an illusion to keep the peace, and unless we have genuine world federation, we have nothing.

Now for our position. For the last five years, the editors of *The Saturday Review* have dedicated this page to the principles of world citizenship. We have no intention of abandoning that fight—now or at any time. We have argued that the world has become a geographic entity, confronting peoples everywhere with the challenge of world citizenship or world calamity. We have argued, moreover, that destructive science has become so universal in its potential effects that a new war will, without question, be global suicide. The mass production of one weapon alone—the rocketbomb—is the prosaic fact of life to which the peoples of the world must now adjust themselves. And unless the control over war and the weapons of war is greater than the power to wage war, the next war with all its consequences is inevitable. There is only one such control—world government.

Believing this as we do, why do we argue with the Salveminis, and the Fischers? We argue with them because they are not even moving in the direction of their own professed objectives. We argue with them because they are condemning to death the very cause they claim to serve. We argue with them because they have strengthened the hands of those who are counting on precisely such an all-or-nothing attitude on the part of American liberals to defeat American participation in a new international organization. We argue with them because they are reviving the ailing body of American isolation.

We argue with them because they do not see that San Francisco is a challenge and an opportunity to move from there to something better; that it represents a step forward. Small as that step might be, it is the first step—the only step we have—and we shall have to take it. It would be foolish to pretend that the Charter is a streamlined and finished instrument. But at least it is a wedge which can keep the door of isolation from slamming abruptly in our face. With all its imperfections, it grows out of the will of peoples everywhere to get closer to each other than they have ever been before. No doubt, they had been hoping that the statesmen might have translated that desire into a deeper and stronger structure of international organization. But at least the principle of world coöperation has been recognized—skimpy as the actual implementation of that principle might be. The question is not, can San Francisco guarantee a lasting peace, but, where do we go from here?

We argue with the Salveminis and the Fischers because they have turned their backs not only on the future but on history itself. Did they really mean what they were saying during all those years when they were lamenting our failure to join the League of Nations after the last war? Did they really mean what they were saying when they claimed that our blunder in staying out of the League helped to clear the road for World War II? If so, why do they now make the same error as was made by many of the liberal intellectuals in 1919 who wanted all or nothing—and got nothing. They helped to create a vacuum and the vacuum helped to create a war.

Senator Lodge is generally pictured as the sole villain of the colossal blunder of 1919. But if you go beyond the over-simplification, you find that he was helped, directly or indirectly, by many writers and public figures who would support no charter unless all the i's were dotted and all the t's crossed. Poor strategy and tactics—and also tactlessness—were even more responsible for the defeat of the League in 1919 than all the opposition of the Lodges and Johnsons and Borahs.

Many liberals fought ratification outright. Both *The New Republic* and *The Nation*—in whose pages in recent years have appeared scorching criticisms of the part played by Henry Cabot Lodge in defeating the

—*Brown in the* Chicago Daily News

The Peace Dove That Got Away. [1919.]

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League—were against the Treaty as presented by Wilson in 1919. They condemned it as a miserable compromise. They accused Wilson of abandoning his ideals. In the Senate he was accused of being too idealistic. The wonder is not that the League was defeated but that, everything considered, anyone should have thought that it ever had a chance.

When the League went down in the Senate on November 19, 1919, too many Americans were undisturbed. And far too many liberals felt that they had won a victory. One of the best comments on the entire episode appeared in the November 29, 1919 issue of *The Review,* a national weekly of political affairs, from which we quote the following pertinent and timely information:

"Let the Country Speak"

"The Senate's rejection of the treaty of peace was the result of a long series of unfortunate developments. It did not express the Senate's judgment on the central issue. It does not mean that the Senate wishes to kill the treaty. On the contrary, eighty Senators out of ninety-six stand clearly recorded in favor of the treaty, the only difference between them being as to the precise character of the reservations.

"Nevertheless, the treaty is, for the time being, dead. There is the gravest danger that, through a recurrence of the same kind of game of cross-purposes that we have so long been witnessing, it may be killed beyond the possibility of resurrection. The surest way to prevent this calamity is for public opinion to assert itself in such a manner that its voice shall be unmistakable.

"The situation is now extremely simple. Practically nobody is asking for amendments that would be tantamount to rejection of the treaty; practically nobody is asking for acceptance of the treaty without substantial reservations. *The difference between the Lodge reservations and a set of reservations that would unquestionably be accepted by the great bulk of the Democratic Senators is small.* To bridge over this difference will require only a reasonable manifestation of good will and good sense, and the nation has a right to demand that it be done.

"It is the glory of our country to have brought to a triumphant close the gigantic war for the rescue of the world from the German peril. But the fruits of that victory are not secure. Hard terms have been imposed upon Germany, but it will be years before they are fulfilled. In the meanwhile, the world is in an ominous state of upheaval and disturbance. *To prevent Germany's defeat from being turned into victory, and to protect the world —including our own country—against the danger of appalling unrest and disaster, a strong concert of nations is essential. To make this concert truly effective, it is essential that our own country—the richest and most powerful, the most fortunate and the most trusted of nations—shall bear her share.*

—*Morris in the* Spokane Spokesman-Review

Our Senatorial Hamlet. To ratify or not to ratify. [1919.]

"What is at stake, therefore, in the United States Senate is not the realization of a dream of perfection, or of everlasting peace, but the immediate safety and welfare of the world. There might have been other ways of providing for our coöperation to this end; as a matter of fact, there is manifestly now only one. If we are to do our duty to ourselves and to the world, we must ratify this treaty, and no other. The Senate has almost unanimously declared its desire to serve this great end; it has split only upon what, in comparison with it, are insignificant details."

BUT public opinion failed to meet the responsibility so clearly defined for it by *The Review.* Once the League was defeated, it stayed defeated. From 1919 on, the United States began to drift in its foreign policy. Caught in a cross-current between perfectionists and the isolationists, the country found it easier to chart no course at all.

The essential difference between June, 1945, and November, 1919, of course, is that there is still time today to mobilize support for the Charter; we don't have to wait until the fight is lost before we try to save it. To hold back or to turn away now is a repudiation not only of faith but of opportunity.

Ever since the start of the war, we have been warned against the danger of disillusion, against the menace of an excessive introversion. The first big test has come, and already we can count the casualties. Did any of us suppose that the making of the peace would be a bed of roses, that everything would fall into place without additional struggle, sweat, and compromise? Did any of us suppose that we could get world citizenship crack out of the box the first time? Did any of us suppose that we might not have to take the best we could get, and then work toward something better? If we labored under those illusions then we must suffer the consequences of disillusion now.

This disillusion is not peculiar to America. You can find it in varying degrees all over the world. One aspect of it, at least, was described by Woodrow Wilson when he said: "People will endure their tyrants for years, but they tear their deliverers to pieces if a millennium is not created immediately."

N. C.

Prophecy

By Richard Dyer MacCann, Cpl., U.S.A.

AFTERWARD, yes,
We shall be changed.
We await that, expectant,
Defiant.

Afterward
We shall be shrunken with pity and pain,
With hates and fears buried alive, bitterly—
Shrunken from burning, intolerable, unutterable chaos.

We shall be changed—
But changed and strangely grown,
With new-found knowledge and might
From our stern, world-wide surmounting,
Our far-flung impossible deeds.

Afterward, still,
We shall be who we were:
Forgetful and fearless,
Knowing and thoughtless,
Men and millions of men,
Wanting only home,
And things that were.

Yet,
We shall know what we shall know,
Having been where we have been—
Having paid for what we have purchased.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Male Hormone"

SIR: In reading Dr. Earl Engle's review of Dr. Paul de Kruif's "Male Hormone" in the *SRL* of May 26, an odd question came to mind. Is it not established practice for a reviewer to read a book before he writes about it?

I ask this in all seriousness, because although Dr. Engle waves the flag of scientific truth with commendable zeal, his banner is somewhat frayed.

Witness:

1. Says Dr. Engle: "Actually, though not mentioned by the author, this hormone, or group of hormones, is not produced entirely by males, but is present in the blood of both men and women in varying amounts."

On page 117 of de Kruif's book, the following passage appears:

"Chemically all of us are both man and woman because our bodies make both male and female hormone, and, primarily, it's an excess of testosterone that makes us men or an excess of female hormones that makes us women."

2. Says Dr. Engle: "De Kruif there approached a great truth, but it eluded him. It is simply that human sexual activity is a great complex of psychic content, conditioned behavior, neuromuscular patterning, and hormones. Hormones are a part of the story, but only a part."

On pages 109-113, Dr. Engle will find a simple and thorough discussion of the "great truth" that "eluded" de Kruif, including such sentences as:

"But there are other mysterious influences besides testosterone that seem able to stoke up sex fire or to dampen it. Over and beyond testosterone, manhood seems to be partly a state of mind."

At the risk of boring the reader, let me continue.

3. Dr. Engle warns the reader that the hormones in question are useful only "when there is a definite medical need for such substitutive therapy." He will find that rather clearly expressed on page 109, as follows:

"It's only when you lack natural male homone that testosterone shows its magic power, and it can't make you any more manly than manly."

4. Says Dr. Engle: "A careful writer also would have said that investigators regard this hormone with a speculative eye for another reason. Some of this group of hormones are involved in the existence of cancer of the prostate."

De Kruif devotes 50 lines to this question, pages 117-119, with such statements as follows:

"The very presence of the prostate gland in men depends upon testosterone; and one of the deadliest cancers in men is that of the prostate. . . . Here testosterone, said Kearns, far from strength-giving, is a chemical accessory to the crime. . . ."

"As a matter of fact, I'm not listening to *any* radio program."

"Testosterone doesn't cause cancer in men, but it is an important factor in the continued growth of cancer cells in any part of the body, provided the cancer originated in the prostate gland. For the cancer cells are wild children of the normal cells of the prostate, whose growth is dominated by the male hormone."

The thesis of de Kruif's book is not that the male hormone is a panacea for sexual vigor, but that it is an aspect of "total vitality" of men. This can be found on pages 35, 87, 108, 114, and 124 of de Kruif's book.

I shall not discuss the innuendos of the review. Dr. Engle now belongs to the Open Season on De Kruif Society. Like its other members, he preaches the scientific method, but he does not practise it when he talks about de Kruif.

ANDREW SALTER.

New York, N. Y.

"The Road to Serfdom"

SIR: Lawrence K. Frank's criticism of "The Road to Serfdom" by Dr. Friedrich A. Hayek [*SRL*, May 5] is very interesting but he makes three errors, two of commission and one of omission.

In his book, Dr. Hayek points out that a regimented economy, National Socialism and/or State Capitalism necessarily and inevitably end in Totalitarianism and Dictatorship. Further, that this actually happened in Germany, Italy, and Russia for the very simple reason that a regimented economy cannot be made to operate effectively without the use of coercive force, and that this coercive force must centralize in a dictatorship.

We have already heard the rumblings in this country. High officials in this country are quoted as having said, "the farmers must be compelled to do so and so," and "we will tax and tax, spend and spend, elect and elect." The Hitlers, Mussolinis, and Napoleons never came from the ranks of industrialists.

Mr. Frank argues that what has appeared in one country with its culture may not appear in another country with a different culture. Therefore, what happened in Germany and Italy might or could not happen here under our culture. But, are the cultures so different? Anyway it has happened in many countries and in all times.

Mr. Frank completely forgets that Germany, twenty years ago, had the biggest socialistic party in the world, that it was governed by the highly social Weimar Republic and had more advanced social security legislation than any nation on earth.

He also forgets that Italy was a democratic monarchy. So democratic that the labor unions took over the factories of Milan and Turin and the government was so weak that it had to call in a socialist leader, a certain Mr. Mussolini, to restore order. Mr. Mussolini not only restored order but he took over the weakened democratic monarchy and established a strictly regimented economy and a fascist dictatorship to make it work.

These nations went from a cultured background, not too unlike our own, to a regimented economy to dictatorship, war, and destruction, all in one generation.

Even France, cradle of culture and of the Revolution—"Liberty, Equality, Fraternity"—was on its way. Prior to

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the war, the democratic labor unions of France forced the government to nationalize all factories making munitions, airplanes, tanks, guns, etc. On the eve of war, production of war materials practically ceased. France, a cradle of democratic culture, was well on its way to a regimented economy and dictatorship when the war overtook it and left it prostrate.

As a matter of fact, France went through the same thing one hundred and fifty years ago—then we wound up with a French dictator instead of a German one but he managed to give Europe a bloodbath that lasted for twenty years before he was downed at Waterloo.

When patients have the same symptoms, the disease is probably the same regardless of whether they went to Heidelberg, the Sorbonne, or Harvard. It was not an accident that Karl Marx's socialism, Higher Criticism of the Bible, and Nazism all came out of Germany.

Mr. Frank's second error is the assumption underlying his argument: that, if men in the government service controlled industry, things would be much better than they are now.

Unfortunately, men and women with predatory instincts are not confined to industry. Business has altogether too many of them; labor unions and politics are saturated with them. They are in all walks of life. To say that men would be less predatory or more unselfish in government service than in private life is not in accordance with experience or probabilities. On the contrary, experience shows their decisions become based on political expediency instead of public welfare. In fact the same men in power in the seat of government would be far more powerful and dangerous than they would be in private life checked by the Government, competition, and the buying public's free choice.

Mr. Frank's third error is one of omission. He has failed to note that the regimented, dictator-led economies failed to win the war. Per contra, the democratic nations, practising economic freedom or freedom of enterprise, out-produced and out-fought the regimented economies headed by dictators. Even brave but regimented Russia, with close to two hundred million people and the largest and richest land block on earth, was forced all through this war to call on small and war-battered Britain to deliver supplies to its armies in the North. In the South, the Russian armies rolled from Stalingrad to Berlin largely on American trucks supported by numbers of American tanks and airplanes.

It is a matter of record that the United States, starting from scratch, with no advantage except that inherently created by a free economy, built more and better war material than all the regimented dictator countries put together. It is also a matter of record that in the past one hundred and fifty years we have had more freedom and made more progress than any nation in the world.

It has been proven on the battlefields of this war that a free people, backed by a free economy, can outfight and out-produce any regimented dictator-led people on earth.

We got that way by being free. Freedom means freedom to create, work, buy, sell, start, or stop as one elects. It means that the producer has to survive the acid test of consumer acceptance. That is what compels honesty and efficiency. It means individual economic opportunity.

They got that way by being regimented. Regimentation means that political bureaucrats tell you what you can buy or sell, when, how much, and where you can and must work. It means black markets, destruction of initiative and opportunity, strangling of industry at its source, socialism, state capitalism, dictatorship, war, and defeat.

Let's have laws against monopoly and dishonest dealing in business and elsewhere, impartial laws applying equally to all and exempting none. Let's have maximum hours of employment, minimum wages, social security, etc. But, let's have freedom of economic opportunity, initiative, invention, and creative ability. If we don't Hayek's eternally right in warning us that a regimented economy leads to dictatorship and dictatorship to war.

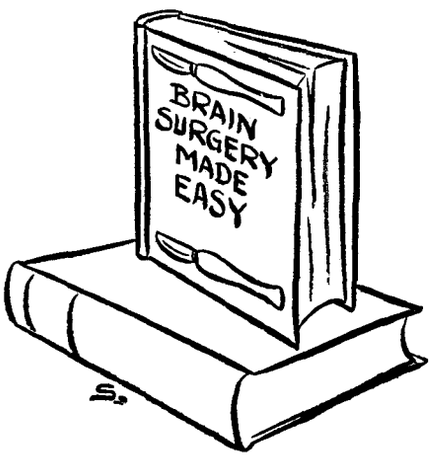
What we need is the individual and coöperative responsibility that must be the corollary of freedom. It has been said that:

all political questions are economic questions
all economic questions are social questions
all social questions are moral questions
all moral questions are spiritual questions.

Which brings us down to brass tacks. There are two opposing concepts of life facing each other in the world today. The material concept that believes that man is an accidental chemical combination—dust to dust. The other, the spiritual concept that man is an offspring of spiritual power—an individual, immortal soul, and, therefore, must be free and cannot be enslaved. This second concept has been winning in this war but it will never really win until we realize our responsibility that goes with freedom.

DONALD DALLAS.

New York, N. Y.



SIR: Since Mr. Dallas has reaffirmed my major points in his closing paragraph "What we need is the individual and coöperative [corporative?] responsibility that must be the corollary of freedom," my reply may be brief.

1. Cultural differences are more fundamental than the political activities he cites. (Ruth Benedict, "Patterns of Culture" and Margaret Mead, "Sex and Temperament.") As stated in the original MS, but omitted from the printed article, "we need to be reminded again and again that each cultural group has developed its peculiar traditional beliefs, patterns, and institutions which are the source of their strength and their weakness, their self-created social problems and their attempts to find the only solution they can accept for those problems."

2. The assumption attributed to me by Mr. Dallas that "if men in government service controlled industry, things would be much better than they are," probably arises from hasty reading of the article. As stated in the original MS but omitted from the printed article, "some of our forward looking business men are convinced that they must accept the social and human responsibilities which alone can justify their economic power and freedom of action. They favor economic planning, including governmental action when necessary, to curb the 'chiselers' and the irresponsibles, as a way of developing some order in our economic life" (see Beardsley Ruml, 'Tomorrow's Business'). They favor cooperative action by business and government in planning because every decision has such far reaching consequences in our technological society (*cf*, Joseph Mayer, "Full Employment After the War." *Science,* April 10, 1945). Proposals for economic planning arise in England and the United States from various groups, such as National Planning Association and P. C. P. in England, the Committees on Economic Development, many religious, labor and other groups of citizens."

3. The contrast between the regimented countries and the United States in war production had best be deferred until we can have the full history of the trials and difficulties of the War Production Board, the War Manpower Commission, the Office of Price Administration, etc., in mobilizing our productive power for the war.

My article was written not as a plea for, or defense of, economic planning, or as I explicitly stated, but rather to invite critical examination of the ideas which Dr. Hayek and his disciples have adopted as their guiding conceptions. Perhaps the most succinct comment on "The Road to Serfdom" is the remark by Professor Arthur MacMahon of Columbia, "Laissez faire is our only untried Utopia."

LAWRENCE K. FRANK.

New York, N. Y.

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HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
2 PARK STREET · BOSTON 7
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June 15, 1945

TO THE READERS OF THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE:--

A Prevue of Important Summer Publications

Houghton Mifflin Company don't usually advertise their books in advance of publication. It is too much like shouting before you are out of the woods. In a time of production tie-ups and dwindling paper reserves, it is still more rash to present publication plans. To accompany these plans with a suggestion as to the time of publication is to carry rashness to irresponsibility.

Perhaps never have Houghton Mifflin Company planned to present a list at once so varied and so interesting. And of such particular interest to the kind of mind that follows the Saturday Review. It seems only sensible to keep the intelligent reader informed in advance of the publishers' plans. At the risk then of being deliberately irresponsible, we present below some of the titles from our summer and early fall lists with the months in which we believe these titles will be published.

IN JUNE:

We will publish THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND FATHER SMITH by Bruce Marshall, who is the author of FATHER MALACHY'S MIRACLE. It is a Book-of-the-Month Club adoption for July. Christopher Morley says, "Father Smith will touch many readers with deep pleasure."

BEDELIA, by Vera Caspary, who wrote LAURA, which you have just been seeing in the movies. Her new book is the story of a perfect wife whose kindness always killed.

IN JULY:

We expect to publish AGAINST THESE THREE, a tripartite biography by Stuart Cloete. It is a story of three lives which flowed together and at their meeting blew up a world.

RAW MATERIAL by Oliver LaFarge is a book in which one of America's thoughtful young novelists describes the passage from a young manhood of security at Groton and Harvard into maturity and today's world of chaos.

Also in July comes Ben Ames Williams' most deeply felt novel, IT'S A FREE COUNTRY. In this story of a hasty marriage between a most familiar boy and gir there is by implication a bitter warning to American complacency.

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HUNKY JOHNNY by E. J. Nichols is a novel both lyrical and serious. It is story of a young man making up his mind to risk the plunge into [illegible]r melting

AUGUST:

We hope to publish WHERE DO PEOPLE TAKE THEIR TROUBLES by Lee R. Steiner. ou'll hastily reread the SRL's personal column after you read this book. It is study of the wiles of the matrimonial agency, the astrologer, the radio court.

CHILDREN OF THE COVENANT by Richard Scowcroft is a first novel which shows us what happens to the inheritors of the pioneer spirit. When there are no worlds left to conquer, what directs or distorts this power?

BENEATH THE STONE by George Tabori is an eye-opening and heart-stopping account of one night in the life of an Englishman dropped behind the German lines for an unexpected dinner with a Prussian officer and his Slavic wife. It is a terrifying and always entertaining journey through three minds that could not meet.

SLOW TRAIN TO YESTERDAY by Archie Robertson is a loving portrait of the dead-end railroad line, its chunky engine and its station of Gothic gingerbread.

IN SEPTEMBER:

Production is well along on THE WISDOM TREE by Emma K. Hawkridge, a book on the anatomy of faith and the part that it has played in directing the course of civilization for many peoples from the birth of thought until today.

ONE NATION is a book of text and pictures in which Wally Stegner and the editors of Look combine to hold a mirror to America's face which not all of us will look at with complacency.

THE PRACTICAL COGITATOR. In this thinker's anthology lies all the virtue of the humanists. A slow-reading book designed to give pleasure for a lifetime.

And finally we are scheduled for this month to publish Claude Bowers' three great volumes on Thomas Jefferson, bound in uniform format and boxed under the title of THOMAS JEFFERSON.

That's our summer list--they are not books to be left under the hammock in the rain. Almost all are ones you'll want to keep in your library.

Sincerely,

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TRADE Winds

WHEN THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT, to its deep amazement, found that the unpredictable public would actually buy more war bonds to hear an author talk than to watch a Hollywood star undulate her mammary glands, it lost no time in organizing troupes of the country's most expert word jugglers to comb the hinterlands in the interest of the Seventh Loan Drive. I have just returned from m.c.ing through Connecticut and Rhode Island a group that included Lillian Hellman, Carl Van Doren, and Colonel Robert Henriques, and I suppose that our adventures were typical. We operated on a split-second schedule, appearing in high school auditoriums, libraries, town halls, churches, advertising clubs, and drawing rooms of well-heeled citizens, shepherded always by a lovely product of the Treasury and the Book and Author War Bond Committee named Agnella ("Lamb Girl") Gunn. Mr. Van Doren in particular was so charmed by her ministrations that we renamed him Mr. Ives. This enabled me to say spontaneously to a dozen successive chairmen of arrangement, "Well, well, here come our Courier and Ives." . . .

FOR THE AUTHORS, these tours, despite their rigors and inconveniences (oh, those seven-in-the-morning calls!), are a source of continuous excitement and gratification. It is fun to be convoyed by policemen blowing sirens and ignoring red lights, it is flattering to be gaped at and requested for autographs, it is heartening to see how many people are eager to meet the authors of the books they read. The tours end before all this becomes cloying. The people, on the whole, are wonderful. The food ranges from lavish banquets in millionaires' mansions to inedible slop at run-down hotels. The audiences are sometimes clear-eyed youngsters of fourteen to eighteen (their quick responses and evident interest are the most soul-satisfying moments on the tours), sometimes Babbitty second-raters intent upon improving their own social position by engaging in community work, sometimes factory-workers sitting side by side with their employers. In New Haven, the local chairman was a brilliant and efficient young college graduate (Phillips Stevens); in Newport, the chairman was a remarkable woman of ninety-two (Maud Howe Elliott, whose mother wrote "The Battle Hymn of the Republic").

Invariably, the authors complete their trips eager to participate in more of the same, tired but healthy. They remind me of the story of the husband who grieved so over the loss of his beloved wife that he insisted on preserving her ashes in an open urn on the sideboard. Irreverent friends fell into the deplorable habit of flicking their cigar and cigarette ashes into the urn, so that when the husband's brother came on from Chicago for his semi-annual visit, he took one look at the urn and exclaimed, "My God, Tom! Your wife is gaining weight!" . . .

THE NEW HAVEN RALLY wound up with a monster turn-out at Woolsey Hall. I found myself seated next to Mayor John Murphy on the platform. Just before the festivities commenced, he confided to me, "You have no idea, young man, how many times I've been bored to death on this very platform!" The mayor is running for reëlection in November. "Democratic ticket?" I asked. "My name," he reminded me, "is Murphy." . . . Later we motored to the home of G. Harold Welch for a fine party that included Thornton Wilder and his sister Rose and a remarkable lady named Jackson who has sixteen grandchildren and more pep than Betty Hutton. . . .

The drive to Hartford was enlivened by Lillian Hellman's reminiscences of minor mishaps on her recent trip to Russia. The worst moment came when she broke out in a rash in a remote Siberian hamlet. A kindly medico who could speak no English gave her some tablets which she swallowed forthwith. All Hell broke loose at this point, because it turned out that what he had provided were bath salts to be dissolved in her tub that night. Miss Hellman survived, but nobody knows what happened to the Siberian doctor. . . .

BY THIS TIME, our act was rounding into workable shape. Carl would point

out that the difficulties confronting the delegates in San Francisco were certainly no greater or more discouraging than those our founding fathers faced when they sought to weld the original colonies into a united state. Lillian enlarged upon the enthusiastic reception she had received in Soviet territory ("An American needs no passport as far as the common people are concerned; his mere nationality assures him a warm and thrilling acceptance"). Colonel Henriques, British author of "No Arms, No Armour," and hero of the Commandos, wound up with a graphic account of what the English public has put up with in the past six years, and pounded home again the central theme of our forum —that the future of the world is utterly dependent on a complete understanding among America, Russia, and Great Britain.

But the people of New England, you may say, particularly the ones who help put over war bond drives, don't need any prodding along such lines. Well, how about the lady at one country club who told me, "Please understand that we usually never allow Jews in here. We simply couldn't keep them out in a cause like this, of course"? Or the society matron in another city who confided, "We had planned a big reception and dance for you after the rally, with all the most important officers from the post present, but when the Shanty Irish got control of the whole affair, naturally we all ducked out as fast as we could"? The Hitler line, aided and abetted by powerful and unscrupulous native reactionaries, has made frightening strides in this country. True liberals cannot point out too often or too emphatically that were it not for blind prejudices and intolerance like the above, there probably never would have been the need for War Bond rallies in the first place! . . .

IN HARTFORD, stronghold of the insurance companies, we were presented with touching mementoes in the form of one-day policies on our lives, invalid, however, if we perished from duelling, skiing, or parachuting. We also met our first actuary face to face. Actuaries are the gentlemen who figure the calculable risk of a policy to the eighth decimal point—a figure then tripled by the company and served piping hot to the customer. Oscar Wilde defined an actuary as a man who knew the price of everything and the value of nothing. . . . So many members of our welcoming committee spoke with a Southern accent that I said to the lady who sat next to me at lunch, "I never realized that Hartford was a stronghold of the Confederacy." "Oh, you are so wrong," she

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THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH . . . 1756

"Then it's agreed—everything east of the Mississippi."

assured me solemnly. "Connecticut was a solid Union state!" . . .

On the train to Providence, Carl Van Doren told a story about a flock of lambs being led into a slaughter house. "Who is your favorite author?" asked one especially solemn lamb. "Bernard Shaw," answered another emphatically. . . . Carl also dug up an Abraham Lincoln story none of us had heard previously. Young Abe took a sack of grain to a mill whose proprietor was known as the laziest soul in Illinois. After a space Abe commented drily, "I can eat that grain as fast as you're grinding it." "Indeed," grunted the miller. "And how long do you think you could keep that up?" "Till I starved to death," said Lincoln. . . .

It was in Newport that we met the prize character of our entire trip—Judge Mortimer Sullivan, long-time mayor, a quivering, two-hundred-and-fifty-pound mountain of a man, with a laugh that shook buildings, and a flood of eloquence that was simply staggering. When Judge Sullivan strode out from the wings of the Opera House, the Newport audience, who have known and loved him for years, settled back in obvious delight. "You have never heard anything like the speech that is coming now," Admiral Yarnell told us all, and he was right. The good judge referred to a previous "distinguished visitor from China, Dr. Wellington Foo" (somebody murmured "No foo like an old foo"), hailed the great playwright "Helen Hillman," told how Ben Franklin wrote "Van Doren's Mutiny in Japan," identified Henriques as the personal aide of two generals he has not met to this day, gave a brief summary of the history of Rhode Island, shattered the microphone with a Gargantuan laugh, and surrendered the stage finally to us—a tougher act to follow than Bob Hope. . . .

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, before heading back to New York, a local dignitary volunteered to drive us by the show places of Newport. We had already seen the beautiful Redwood Library, and expected more of the same. Instead we were treated to a succession of huge estates, most of them in atrocious taste, all of them at least five times too big for any practical purpose. Their fame, it seems, rested on such inspiring foundations as "This one is pure marble. Cost thirty-eight million," or, "Here is where the Duke and Duchess of Windsor spent a weekend in 1943," or "The fellow who owned Man-o'-War spent a whole summer in this house." Colonel Henriques, no man for this sort of thing, grew steadily hotter under the collar. Finally we reached the blue sea, and a shimmering beach that bordered it. "Bailey's Beach," announced our guide. "The most exclusive beach in all the world."

Henriques exploded. "The most exclusive beach in the world," he said slowly, "is somewhere in Normandy. Exactly one year ago today some thousands of American and British boys lost their lives taking it. When you show me a beach from which the townspeople of Newport are kept out by a handful of arrogant millionaires and tell me it's the most exclusive in the world, I begin to wonder what in God's name we've been fighting for!" The remainder of our drive was completed in silence.

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

I HEARD this story from a source that hasn't been subpoened —yet . . .

It seems that when H. ALLEN SMITH was a student in college, he took a geography course thinking it would be a snap. He was majoring in freak-peeking, a study which left him little time for the papers he had to turn in on things geographical. In fact he had seriously neglected the course when it came time for him to hand in the final term paper. The subject assigned was the question *How many angels can stand at one time on the head of Pin Island?* (an obscure desert island located in the Zulu Sea, 24 degrees, 16 minutes past Sarong Archipelago.)

SMITH was caught . . . His FP (degree in freak-peeking) was at stake, and he didn't have a paddle. He brooded. The term paper was due the next morning. Then he snapped his fingers faster than they do in the movies. He had it. It was after seven, that meant the rates were down. He dialed long distance, and called the Chamber of Commerce on Pin Island. They were delighted. They told him about the archipelagos that flew over the island screeching Hialeah! Hialeah! They told him that the future of the island was assured in view of the excellent possibilities of shipwreck. And then they told him what he had inquired in the first place—they said that no angels had even been seen on the head of Pin Island. But, they added, the island did contain any number of rare examples of American humor; little known writings by the great American humorists. And there were also humorous writings by men who were not thought of as humorists, but who could wield a fabulously funny pen when they had a mind to.

SMITH was delighted with this news, and his delight showed up in his term paper. He graduated Summa Cum Loud Trunks, and for his Ph. D. he went to Pin Island and collected those rare samples of American humor. For the anthology he wrote an introduction that is typically H. ALLEN SMITH. He called the anthology **Desert Island Decameron.** That's what this column is all about.

paul

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Seeing Things

THAT OTHER ALEXANDER

THERE is a rumor to the effect that Alexander Woollcott is dead.

It gives me great pleasure to brand this rumor as an exaggeration; to say that it is *almost* without foundation; to insist at least that, like the reports of Mark Twain's death, this report is greatly exaggerated.

True. Before a mike, the Town Crier, so delectable in his precision of speech no less than in his choice of words, may no longer nibble at the English language with as much relish as a rabbit nibbles on fresh lettuce. True. Alexander Woollcott's voice will not again be heard on or off the air. That distinctive voice. That voice which could persuade you Mr. Woollcott must have truffles on his tonsils. That voice, at once so soothing and so scratching, which managed to combine the sweetest features of a caress with the most piercing aspects of a stab.

True. Mr. Woollcott will never again play that fattest of fat parts, his portly self, in or out of any future company of "The Man Who Came to Dinner." True. Mr. Woollcott has made his last Mrs. Leslie Carter entrance down the aisle of a New York theatre. And will not reënter the Algonquin, at least in person.

True. His favorite charities do not now receive his generous gifts. And many, who once cringed under the barrage of his insults, nowadays stand the straighter, knowing that he will not insult them again face to face, at any rate on this planet.

But Alexander Woollcott dead? Really dead? As dead as Marley in "The Christmas Carol" that he loved to read?

ROT. In a studio at CBS he may have been stricken during a broadcast. His ashes may rest at Hamilton, the college he always cherished. Even so, Alexander Woollcott, though buried, is not dead. He is very much alive. He lives imperishably as balm in the hearts, or as salt in the wounds, of all of those who liked or disliked him. Name him in almost any group, and everyone has his mite to contribute to the Woollcott myth. Name him, and a room is instantly divided into Montagues and Capulets with Mr. Woollcott as a feuding subject.

His sentimental "Readers"; his own books—"Shouts and Murmurs"; "Enchanted Aisles"; "Long, Long Ago"; and, most especially, "While Rome Burns"—refuse to stay on their shelves. Though silent, Mr. Woollcott still speaks for himself and is spoken for in print.

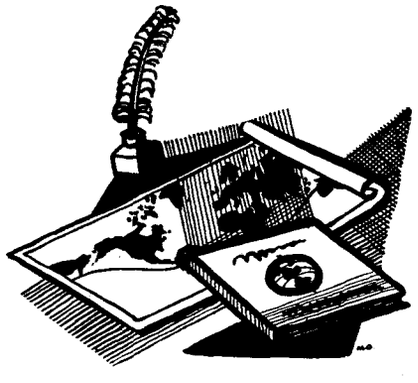
Twice last fall new Woollcott books appeared. One of these was the collection of his letters which Beatrice Kaufman and Joseph Hennessey edited, and for which they wrote a sparkling introduction. What a letter-writer he could be! How he must have lightened the postman's burden! Even if, for fear of libel, some of his sprightliest epistles undoubtedly remain unprinted, waiting for his victims to die their second deaths, this time from natural causes. Then, there was that other, more indirect, bit of Woollcottiana, "None But a Mule"; that amusing little book by Mr. Woollcott's obstreperous niece, Barbara. In it her famous uncle figured remotely. Nonetheless you somehow felt his control.

Now comes Samuel Hopkins Adams's "A. Woollcott—His Life and His World." Although Colonel John T. Winterich has already reviewed it for this magazine, and it will be touched upon again in *Yank's* impending edition of the *SRL,* I cannot forswear some mention of it, and of its central figure, in these columns.

Like the policeman's lot, when there's constabulary duty to be done, to be done, Mr. Adam's job cannot have been an entirely happy one, happy one. That is, taking one consideration with another. His task must have been as difficult as he has made the reader's easy.

Once at the Algonquin, when someone asked George S. Kaufman to sum up Mr. Woollcott's character in a single word, Mr. Kaufman pondered long and earnestly. After a considerable pause, he replied, "IMPROBABLE."

Which is precisely what Mr. Woollcott was. Even if you knew him, it was hard to believe that he existed. Knowing him or not knowing him, you had no other choice—you either liked him or loathed him. Almost with the same passion that he liked or loathed other people. What in the instance of Sweden used to be known as the "middle way" was, and remains, a hard course to follow in Mr. Woollcott's case.



Mr. Adams makes this clear in his preliminary pages. He confesses he encountered violent responses when, as the expert reporter that he is, he was trying to collect materials for his biography. One man, once a valued friend of Woollcott's, wrote back, "I want no part of Woollcott, dead or alive. Sorry." Said another, "Be kind to him. He was so kind, himself, to so many who needed his kindness."

Certainly Mr. Woollcott was one of the most colorful personalities of his day. His talents were as flamboyant as his person. He was not only a mass of contradictions; he was an anthology of antitheses. He was a tantalizing mixture of those two Nicks—the Saint, and the Old; a baffling combination of tomahawk and treacle, of adder's nest and bon-bon box. Was he a scorpion? Well, he could also be an overdose of saccharine. He loved to refer to himself as "an old meanie." He was likewise an old sweetie; so sweet that Howard Dietz once described him as Louisa M. Woollcott.

In any of his many roles, as arsenic or old lace, as drum-beater or executioner, as murder addict or humorous raconteur, as drama critic or book trumpeter, he was a figure not in one million but in one hundred and thirty-three millions. Mr. Woollcott, you see, had more than the inclination to be an individualist. A host of frustrated unfortunates share that desire. He had the gifts, too.

Although his intellectual, more accurately his cardiac, possessions were as far-flung as the British Empire, Mr. Woollcott never allowed the sun to set on Woollcottiana. What he possessed, he possessed joyously, and no less joyously shared. It is with the same joy, although with an infinitely greater discrimination, that Mr. Adams now shares Woollcott and his world with all of us.

There were those (I must admit I was one of them) who were not entirely happy when we first heard that Alexander Woollcott's life had been put in Mr. Adams's hands. We knew Mr. Adams had preceded Woollcott at Hamilton College by eighteen years. Eighteen years can make more than a difference. They can create a canyon. We thought that perhaps some member of the Thanatopsis Club, or some knight who had deserted the Algonquin's famous Round Table, or one of Mr. Woollcott's secretaries, or even

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a fellow-owner of the island on Lake Bomoseen, might be the perfect Boswell for Mr. Woollcott.

Boswell? That is a silly name to evoke here. Woollcott was no Dr. Johnson. He was Alexander Woollcott. Like Dr. Johnson, he was a great virtuoso in conversation. Like him, too, he could be a great virtuoso in his display of bad manners. In his fashion he was capable of extravagant kindnesses. But only those who have never read their Boswell, or Dr. Johnson's essays and prefaces, could ever confuse sage Sam with smart Aleck. As well compare a valentine with a cannon.

Woollcott talked and wrote expertly from his heart; Dr. Johnson from his head. Woollcott was contagiously enthusiastic; Johnson wonderfully wise. Dr. Johnson was a muralist; Woollcott a delectable miniaturist; Johnson a great critic; Woollcott a great pointer and hat-tosser. Both of them were stylists. Yet what handmade lace is to granite, Woollcott's writing was to Sam Johnson's.

Woollcott needed no Boswell. He was his own. Broadway's Boswell, too. He attached the same significance to the trivial that Dr. Johnson did to the important. That was Woollcott's fascination, his high gift, his peculiar charm, and the ultimate explanation of why in history he will last as a personality rather than a power—a footnote rather than a force.

The fears we entertained about Mr. Adams as Woollcott's biographer have happily proved groundless. Reynal & Hitchcock could not have made a more felicitous choice. Mr. Adams too venerable? Not at all. No cub reporter could track down a story with a sprightlier step. Mr. Adams's prose is young and resilient, vivid and witty. His is the Woollcottian flair for the anecdote; the Woollcottian skill, too, at making a narrative jig.

He liked Woollcott. He confesses that he always saw him at his best. Yet he also knows Woollcott's worst. He knows more than the two extremes. He is aware of the man's problems, his frustrations, his great decencies, and his appalling rudenesses. Furthermore, Mr. Adams is able to follow, in fascinating detail, each of the many careers Woollcott lived. It is only in his final chapters, when for a while he runs out of the phases of Woollcott's living, that his biography becomes amorphous. Even

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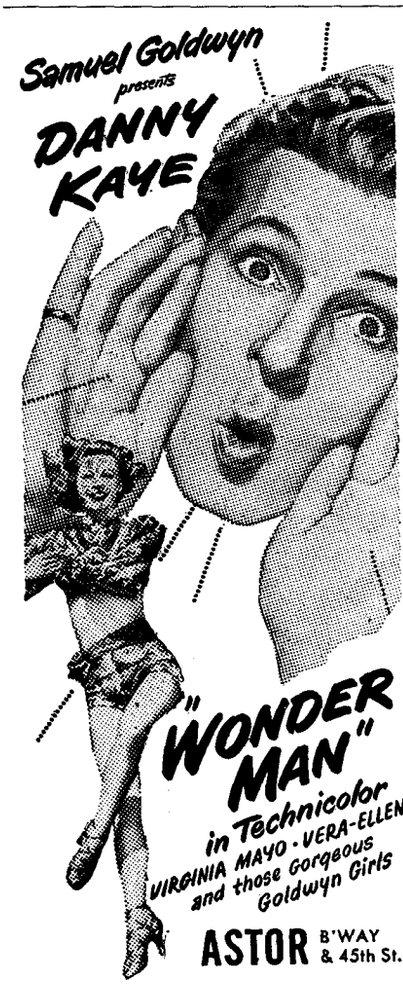
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here, though it weakens structurally, it continues to be diverting.

There will, no doubt, be other books on Woollcott. Future writers are not apt to pass by such "copy" as he provides. Mr. Adams's is a pathfinding job. As such, it is to be admired not only for its skill and vivacity, but also for the diligence that has gone into collecting its material, in consulting friend after friend, or foe after foe. Mr. Adams presents his findings dispassionately. Although Mr. Woollcott is his central figure, he is not always his hero.

The A. Woollcott who emerges from Mr. Adams's pages, though preëminently successful by his own somewhat neon lights, was not a happy man. Perhaps his happiest days were those he knew overseas when, as a hospital corpsman with grubby jobs to do, and later as a writer on *Stars and Stripes,* he served in the First World War. His was then the satisfaction, not uncommon among men in uniform, of identification with a cause beyond dispute in value.

Mr. Woollcott's emotional life was incomplete. Mr. Adams does not mince matters. In full detail he discusses how mumps played as large a part in Woollcott's life as fate did in the Greek tragedies. In spite of his genius for foes and friends, in spite of his reliance on people, Woollcott appears to have been lonely. His is a success story which ends sadly. It closes on a note of disintegration. It is the saga of a man, uniquely endowed, who was victimized by his passion for notoriety. Its final irony is that a man who could write so well is best known as the central character of a farce-comedy built around his foibles rather than his virtues.

Somewhere along the way, as he turned from reporter to drama critic, from drama critic to magazine writer and lecturer, and from magazine writing to radio and the stage, the exhibitionist got the better of the exhibit. Yet to the end his talents remained exceptional. Woollcott was a man steeped in the theatre—steeped in its acrimonies, its loyalties, its sentimentalities, its generosities. More than being stage-struck, he was a whole theatre in himself. As a writer he might have grown in importance had he not insisted upon being, at all times and in all things, both his own drum and drummer-boy.

Mr. Woollcott was not a judicious critic. He was, however, something rarer. He was never cold. From the litany of his loves and the hymnal of his hates he made hot music. No one who has written about our theatre has so managed to capture in print the heat and excitement of the ephemeral stage.

Among his many gifts he could claim that he wrote like only one person in the world—Alexander Woollcott. No other writer of his time could give to an adjective such a final shot of hyperthyroid as he could administer. To cold print, read by strangers, he was able to lend the warmth of an anecdote told among friends. Not a bridge-builder in the country had his gift for suspense. He had his faults. He had his virtues, too. They also were not common. If he was improbable, it was because, as a figure, he was his one successful work of fiction. No replacement has been found for him, or will be.

Almost every reader of Mr. Adams's engaging biography will wish Mr. Adams had added this or that Woollcott story to his already excellent collection. Although I could suggest many such yarns, there is one I cannot resist telling. Moss Hart told it to me.

One day, it seems, Mr. Woollcott telephoned Mr. Hart. "Moss," said he, "I am starting my lecture tour tomorrow night in Newark. Why don't you drive me over in your car and take me for dinner?"

"Aleck," replied Mr. Hart, "I'd be delighted to. But what do I get out of this? After all, I have co-authored a play about you that hasn't done you any harm. I tell you what. I'll drive you over and take you for dinner on one condition. You know I used to run the Little Theatre in Newark. A lot of those people who used to snub me there will be foolish enough, in the name of culture, to come and hear you speak. Now I'll go with you, if only you will let me sit on the stage and mention me as a local boy who made good."

"Agreed," said Mr. Woollcott. And the next night they started off.

Mr. Hart did sit on the stage. Mr. Woollcott was never in better form. He spoke brilliantly—thrillingly. Throughout Mr. Woollcott's whole lecture, however, Mr. Hart's hand kept stealing toward his tie with embarrassed anticipation. At any moment he was expecting to be named.

But on and on went Mr. Woollcott, until, at the hour's end without ever having mentioned Mr. Hart, Mr. Woollcott stopped. The applause was tumultous. Mr. Woollcott held up his hand to quell the ovation.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "ordinarily it is my custom, at the conclusion of the lecture, to answer questions. Tonight I shall dispense with this practice. Because I know there is only one question uppermost in all of your minds. That is—who is the strange-looking man sitting on the stage beside me?"

With that Mr. Woollcott walked off the stage, leaving Mr. Hart there still unnamed.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

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She Knew What She Wanted

THE MANCHU EMPRESS. By Bluebell M. Hunter. New York: The Dial Press. 1945. 355 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by THOMAS SUGRUE

TZU HSI, the last Empress of China, was one of the world's most wicked women. Seldom does evil so completely possess a person, and for so single a purpose. To make herself absolute ruler of her country Tzu Hsi murdered her son, the boy emperor, and starved his pregnant widow to death. By murder, torture, blackmail, bribery, slander, treason, and adultery, she worked her way to undisputed rule, and by cunning and cruelty, through a large part of the nineteenth century, maintained the tottering Manchu dynasty and held off the inevitable revolution and republic.

Out of this morally uncongenial material Mrs. Hunter has fashioned a novel which, though it does not sympathize with Tzu Hsi, gives her the benefit of objective treatment. The psychology of total evil is as difficult to fashion as the psychology of total good, and Mrs. Hunter wisely stays away from Tzu Hsi's mental processes except when the passion is obvious and the object of it large and in full view. What the empress was really like in the maze of her spiritually subterranean psyche is something only a satanist could discover. In Mrs. Hunter's hands Tzu Hsi is a vicious, lustful, and ambitious woman, and eventually these characteristics make her seem like an ordinary male despot of the pre-democratic age.

The novel is a full-dress presentation of life in the Forbidden City of Peking, where the Manchus lived. Mrs. Hunter knows her material well and manages to weave it into the intricate plot of the story without making it seem to obtrude. The wealth, the ceremony, and the waste were fantastic, but it was all tremendously dull, so much so that Tung Chih, Tzu Hsi's son, when he reached his adolescence, went adventuring into Peking itself. Tzu Hsi encouraged this. She had risen from the inconsequential position of Pearl Concubine to Empress of the West because she had presented the deceased emperor with this man child. While he was a minor her place was secure. Now that he was approaching his majority she wished to dissuade him from an interest in politics by encouraging him to dissipation.

For a while this worked, but then Tung Chih met Bright Courage, an intelligent and well-bred young woman. Their romance, being the only interval of decency in the book, shines with a peculiar and desirable virtue. Bright Courage did not know her sweetheart was the emperor, and she was saddened when the order came for her to appear at court among the maidens from whom Tung Chih's wife was to be chosen. Tzu Hsi opposed the selection of Bright Courage, but her co-regent, the Empress of the East, legitimate wife of the late emperor, backed up her foster son and helped to make the choice official.

Tzu Hsi then set out to destroy both her son and his wife, and she succeeded. After that she violated the laws of succession and chose her sister's infant son, Tsai Tien, as successor to the throne. She saw to it that this child never dared cross her will, and until her death she remained absolute ruler of China.

Mrs. Hunter is neither an interpreter nor a moralist, but the broad and colorful picture which she paints of the decadent Manchus is helpful in bringing an understanding of the present difficulties of the Chinese Government. It is too much to expect a nation to be adapted to democracy when so recently it emerged from so long a period of complete submission of the will, the mind, and the body. The shadow of Tzu Hsi is not completely lifted from the land. Pu Yi, puppet Emperor, is her grandnephew.

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A WINGED SPARK
[*In "Bolts of Memory"*]

A winged spark doth soar about,
I never met it near,
For lightning it is oft mistook
When nights are hot and sere.

Its twinkling travels it pursues
Above the haunts of men—
A speck of rapture first perceived
By feeling it is gone.

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Stories by Street

SHORT STORIES. By James Street. New York: The Dial Press. 1945. 314 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by SURREY THOMAS

JAMES STREET says that none of the stories in this volume was written on inspiration. "They were written only to entertain," he says. "The purpose of most stories, sung, written or recited, is to tell a tale and that is all this is—tale-spinning." But in the fifteen selected works gathered here something beyond craftsmanship is obvious. All of the stories concern boys, and all of them are nostalgic. There are the things which pertain to a boy's life, too—dogs, guns, baseball, and the forests and swamps which are women and the world to a youngster. Inspiration there may not be, but a powerful yearning to reach backward into the golden years before manhood is present on every page. It would not have taken much inspiration—just a little—to make these stories great instead of very good, which they are.

Here is "The Biscuit Eater," the favorite of all Street stories, which improves with age. Here also is "The Golden Key," which is Mr. Street's own favorite, and for excellent reasons. It is a baseball story, one which every American man and boy will understand and love. There is also the boy-dog story, "Weep No More My Lady," which caused the author so much trouble. So many people wrote to him in protest at the sad ending that he had to write another story, "Please Come Home, My Lady," in order to get the boy and the dog together again.

Three of the Little Ax stories are included. Little Ax is Captain Alexander Xerxes Trowbridge, of the Cradle Company of the Confederate Army, the intrepid band of boys who in Mr. Street's stories perform prodigious feats of valor and soldiery for the embattled forces of the South. Other stories include some attempts at weaving the present war into the lives of typical Street boy characters, something which, considering the nature of the boys and the nature of the war, could hardly be expected to come off successfully. All the stories except the last one, which is a glimpse of the Street family life thinly veiled as fiction, appeared originally in the slick magazines.

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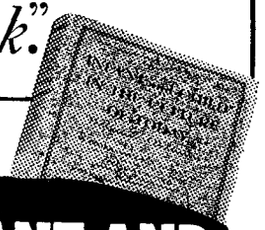

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Swords and Wreaths for Liberty

THE POETRY OF FREEDOM. Edited by William Rose Benét and Norman Cousins. New York: Random House. 1945. 820 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THIS volume, edited by two of the mainstays of this journal, is not merely another book. It is an assault upon the ivory tower, a battering down of the old charge that the poet is a dream-wandering escapist, a moon-eyed incompetent blind to the world of reality, a coddled creature to whom political principles and revolutionary ideas are abhorrent. The poets themselves have had no doubt about their calling. "Poets," said Shelley, "are the unacknowledged legislators of the world." "As for me," said Heine, "poetry has always been an instrument. If you care to honor my memory, lay a sword rather than a wreath upon my coffin; for I was, first and last, a soldier in the war for the liberation of mankind."

"The Poetry of Freedom" is a comprehensive proof; an eight-hundred-page challenge to those who may doubt that poets have been primarily fighters, the advance guard in the long struggle for liberty. The range is remarkably wide. Here, in translation, are clarion voices from Russia, France, Scandinavia, Poland, and Denmark, from the ancient Hebrew to the modern Jewish, from the China of Li Po to the India of Rabindranath Tagore, from the Italy of Petrarch and Michelangelo to the Spain of Ramos and Lorca, even from those enemies of despotism within Germany: Goethe, Schiller, Heine, and Herwegh, that "iron lark."

The poetry of the English-speaking peoples is naturally the largest in representation. Some three hundred and thirty pages are devoted to the profound meditations and rallying songs from England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Canada, and Australia; more than two hundred pages reveal the varied expressions of the American spirit, from John Dickinson's eighteenth-century "Song of American Freedom" to Margaret Walker's impassioned invocation for the Negroes in "For My People." Sometimes the range seems almost too wide; Emily Dickinson's "Much madness is divinest sense" is an ironic comment on conformity rather than a plea for liberty. And, since the volume is otherwise so contemporary, it is a pity that no room could be found in it for such important younger poets as Muriel Rukeyser, William Meredith, and Karl Shapiro.

But these are quibbles, the inevitable small thrusts that one anthologist aims at another with a combination of impersonal watchfulness and personal envy. The editors have worked hard to make their voluminous collection so richly representative. But their industry is surpassed by their discrimination. In these eight hundred pages there is nothing tawdry; even when the technical skill or the literary power is not distinguished, the eloquence, the burning thought comes through. "The usefulness of poetry," say the editors "has never been more apparent than it is today." Their pages prove it again and again. Here is the best that men have said about the last best hope of earth; here, cumulatively gathered, music and meaning are combined in "a message that can be conveyed in no other way."

Youth on Crutches

By Lenore G. Marshall

PALE blowing maple tassels and bird looping through boughs
Dance April in air mild as the frail bluet
White butterfly and white pear blossoms flutter in breeze
Leafy green violet clumps burst into violet.
Old grass is dead, old apples decay.
The old men turn their heads away.
New growth smiles at springtime sky.
Youth on crutches hobbles by.

Sweet within each land the memory is defended,
Nesting and opened buds inherit the earth
Sap and seed take over, are lovingly tended,
There is only the fresh and the warm, there is only birth.
No blight of age, no ice in spring
In nature's world of flowering.
Saddest world, where old men tread
Upright, among youthful dead.

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Southern Story

DARK MEDALLION. By Dorothy Langley. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1945. 225 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

DOROTHY LANGLEY has here told the somber and moving story of a child's spiritual liberation. It was a hard lesson that Marcy Crittenden, aged nine, had to learn; one that is eventually every human being's struggle. It can be summed up, perhaps, in that quotation from Job, where God, speaking to Job, says, "Therefore will I confess to thee that thine own right hand can save thee."

Marcy, emotionally dependent on her Aunt Cynthia whose tragic life, though warped and bitter and defeated still had given the child a sometime residence in the splendor of a world of poetic beauty and intellectual passion, is cast out from that world to find her place in the commonplace, unimaginative reality of an entirely different environment. Lost, bewildered, unhappy little Marcy has to learn that the weapons for her defense lie within herself.

This is Marcy's story, but it is also the story of the disintegration of a proud Southern family. Marcy was brought up in the decaying grandeur of the Crittenden mansion, a house peopled with secrets and ghosts. Through Marcy's eyes is gradually recealed the tragedy of Cynthia Crittenden, strange, bitter recluse, hating the memory of her father; torturing, like some Greek fury, both herself and her patient, defeated mother. Little by little the shadow of disaster, small on Marcy's horizon at first, approaches like a storm in dread and violence.

As Cynthia's control over herself slips, and as things grow worse and worse, we follow the child Marcy through the bewilderment, terror, and desperation of her shaken world. With deep perception and delicacy Miss Langley shows the half comprehension, the worse imagined fears, the pitiful loyalty of a child fighting against disillusion in the thing it loves. Cynthia Crittenden herself is a less credible character than Marcy. Her whole secret, finally revealed, of the reasons for her hatred of her father and of his machinations which led to her moral and physical destruction, touch a bit on melodrama rather too extreme to be convincing. But Marcy is real and unforgettable, and her story, against the background of psychological horror, is told with sensitive artistry and great understanding. It is the story not only of a child, but of the human spirit, struggling against defeat and finding its eventual liberation through its own strength.

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Editorial Writer, Washington (D. C.) Post

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Tales of the Old West

THE WINE OF SAN LORENZO. By Herbert Gorman. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1945. 472 *pp.* $3.

THAT GIRL FROM MEMPHIS. By Wilbur Daniel Steele. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1945. 470 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THE distinguishing feature of Mr. Gorman's romance of Mexican War days lies in the generous quantity and high quality of its historical material. His over-elaborate and rather labored plot may best be regarded simply as a framework for some unusually well-studied scenes of both social and military history. To be sure, it is an ingenious plot. The novel has two heroes, one being an American boy rescued from the siege of the Alamo and brought up by Santa Anna under the name of Juan Diego, the other his brother David Livingston, who is reared as the protegé of a Southern Senator and sent to West Point. When David accompanies General Zachary Taylor to Mexico the scene is set for a reunion of the two young men. They fight on opposite sides, meet when Juan is captured, are soon afterwards parted by the course of the war, and finally are reunited once more. By this plot, which is of course complicated by a pretty Mexican girl and by a villain or two, Mr. Gorman succeeds in switching his readers from side to side of the two lines in the Mexican War, and in drawing a neat contrast between the Anglo-Saxon and Latin cultures. But the fable is a little intricate and decidedly improbable; it is the history that counts.

In a day when writers like Howard Fast rely on vivid writing to carry off a considerable amount of spurious history, the careful study that has gone into Mr. Gorman's sedately-paced narrative is doubly welcome. He begins with the Alamo massacre which (barring a few pardonable liberties with fact) is well done. His portrait of the brilliant, magnetic, tricky, and altogether theatrical Santa Anna is excellent. Most American readers have heard more of the intrigues, deceptions, and tyrannies of this eight-time President of Mexico than of his resourcefulness, energy, and captivating social qualities. Mr. Gorman presents both the strength and weakness of a dictator who was good also at fighting and at running away, who could be tyrant in one mood and defender of liberty in another. The study of a typical old-style Mexican hacienda and of its aristocratic owner, Don Isidro, represents equally painstaking care. It is evident that the author has immersed himself in the life of the semi-feudal time and has fallen in love with the kind of culture so engagingly described by Mme. Calderon de la Barca.

But the ablest parts of the book are the military chapters. Any reader will gain from it a good impression of how the Mexicans rallied under their peacock leader in 1846 to fight a hopeless war. He will find a veracious account of the capture of Puebla, and of Winfield Scott's final advance on Mexico City, with the hot little battles at Chapultepec and Molino del Rey. It is upon Old Zack's crowning victory of Buena Vista, however, that Mr. Gorman lavishes his greatest pain. All the dashing American figures come into the story; Braxton Bragg with his canister, Jefferson Davis with that "re-entering triangle" of which the entire South became so proud, and Hardin with his indomitable First Illinois Infantry. The whole story is told in spirited detail, and with proper attention to the two dominant figures, Santa Anna and Taylor. Mr. Gorman gives us as good a battle-narrative as we have lately had in fiction.

* * *

Mr. Steele's novel is a work of very different mood and texture. His story of Beulah City, the Arizona silver-camp town, in its days of boom and bust during the eighteen-nineties and afterward, relies primarily upon rapid-fire incident for its interest. It is an adventure story which frequently verges upon the melodramatic. Frequently? Continuously. What rescues it from the conventional category of barkeep, six-shooter, and canyon fiction is the rather conscientious treatment of the two principal personages, the Memphis prostitute who gives the book its title, and the tenderfoot-turned-bad-man whose fortunes are closely linked with hers. A succession of thrilling scenes, ranging from Indian massacre and shooting-affray to mere floods, and a procession of the accepted Western characters—promoters, gamblers, honky-tonk keepers, cowmen, miners, outlaws—keep the narrative popping like a string of fireworks. Over a whole generation of ups and downs we follow the mining-camp, the beautiful, good-hearted, and sinful girl from Memphis, and the once-naive lad from the Middle West who becomes famous as Kansas Kid, until they all perish together. There is some fair character study in the book. But the tale is so continuously and industriously thrilling that it ultimately becomes tiresome.

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Nature of Education in a Democracy

THE AUTHORITARIAN ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE EDUCATION. By John Dewey, Sidney Hook, Arthur E. Murphy, Irwin Edman, Bruce Bliven and twenty-eight others. New York: King's Crown Press. 1945. *vii.,* 152 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ORDWAY TEAD

THIS book is important both because it embodies the papers of the Second Conference on "The Scientific Spirit and Democratic Faith" and because those papers range in a provocative way over a body of topics as to which fresh and clear thinking is of the first importance. Of these topics the one here centrally regarded is the nature of education in a democracy with special reference to the place, meaning, and implications of the scientific spirit.

The keynote is appropriately sounded by that dean of American educators, John Dewey. Stated in the abstract his text is "that the successful maintenance of democracy demands the utmost in use of the best available methods to procure a social knowledge that is reasonably commensurate with our physical knowledge, together with invention and use of forms of social engineering reasonably commensurate with our technological abilities in physical affairs." Not a new theme, of course, but in these addresses and discussions it is elaborated in relation to vocational education, engineering education, religious education, and the rest, in a manner to arouse critical thought and creative experiment.

Perhaps the most successful as well as timely stress is upon the shortcomings of vocational education as we are familiar with it at the secondary school level. That current developments of this feature of present programming are profoundly disquieting to those who want education to be a liberating process for the whole human spirit, is clearly reflected. It would have been interesting and suggestive if the conference had considered the same problem at the collegiate level of the engineering schools where much thinking has recently been done on the injection of the humanities into the too technical subject-matter of recent decades.

It may be a minor point to note but the book as now edited (whatever may have been the overtones of the conference itself) is not predominantly upon the theme which the title emphasizes. If there is an organized "authoritarian attempt to capture education" that fact is not clearly established beyond passing references to the somewhat ambiguous utterances of President Hutchins of the University of Chicago. The retrogressive and the culturally thin influences in education are real enough and are here well countered by opposed views. But it is less than clarifying to imply a virtual conspiracy, which, I venture to believe, is less a unified attack than a widespread confusion among many earnest educators. Those practitioners, whether in the field of vocationalism or of religion, who believe they possess a pearl of great price for which they want to see adequate educational equivalents if they are to soft-pedal their own central emphasis, cannot be brushed aside or sent away empty-handed. There has to be a further and deeper incorporation of the values these other educators cherish, into the purpose and program of a complete curriculum for tomorrow with its rightful stress on a general education for all.

This volume, voicing convictions which include not only those of the scientific humanists but of several with other philosophical premises, does indeed formulate some of the most acute tensions in today's educational thinking. This is a valuable and an illuminating service. If all of those tensions are not resolved to the complete satisfaction of readers from the differing philosophical camps, that is not to be wondered at. It may be that the central bone of contention is "authority," variously construed. It would seem to me, however, that the real issue may equally well be how and where the evocation of the creative human spirit is to be most fully assured in all education. Another conference on that note should prove further informing and revealing.

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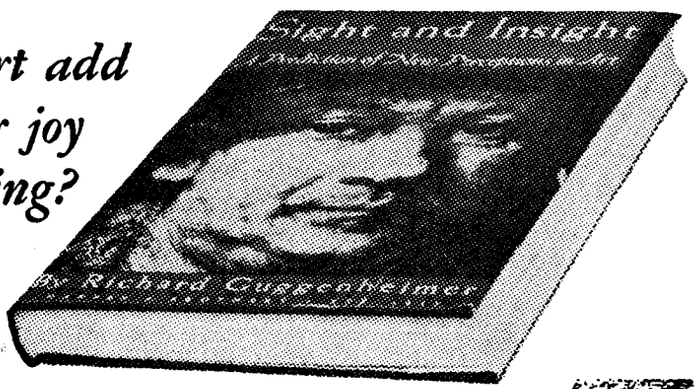

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From Charlemagne to Hitler

A SHORT HISTORY OF GERMANY. By S. H. Steinberg. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1945. 285 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by GEORGE N. SHUSTER

DR. STEINBERG'S outline of German history begins with Charlemagne and ends with Hitler. It is strictly a pedestrian performance, the only bit of first-rate writing being a quotation from Winston Churchill. But those who desire a succinct outline of the events which have affected the German people during more than ten centuries, and who are at the same time willing to make allowance for an author's prejudices, will find the book useful. Dr. Steinberg believes that the Germans have been engaged in an "unending struggle" for a working compromise "between uniformity and disruption"; he is a good European, aware of the need for a satisfactory political organization of the Continent as a whole; and he is appropriately critical of dominant nationalist trends in German thought. On the other hand, he can ride a hobby to death, or at least into the vanes of the windmill with quixotic abandon. For things being as they are it is no doubt inevitable that any history of Germany should be first of all a personal essay.

When medieval Germans thought about government, they had in mind the coöperation of Church and State. Nevertheless the political issue was whether it was possible to subordinate the many feudal dynasties to a central power. Dr. Steinberg manages very well to disentangle the major figures in this struggle from the mass of names which is usually everything the foreign reader is offered. But he is much less able to present the great social and ideological changes which marked the transition of Germany from a tribal confederation to a federation of princedoms. As a result one gets a good portrait of Wallenstein, though in miniature, but one sees neither the Reformation nor the effects of the catastrophic Thirty Years' War.

Similarly, there is a good account of the growth of Prussia and the ambitious dynamism of Frederick the Great, but the rise of North German youth against Napoleon is hardly so much as mentioned. Fichte is a mere name in this book but the stubborn little Prussian monarchs, fighting the old game of family power politics, are all present. Of course in a book of this size and character some things must be left out. But the omissions in this instance leave the German story looking like a chronicle of unenlightened princelings and not like the tragic record of a people which at decisive moments saw its desire for liberation turn not into a morning star but into a dangerous toy balloon.

The best part of the book by all odds is that concerned with Bismarck. Dr. Steinberg deals competently with the "Iron Chancellor's" foreign policy, but he is even more effective in discussing the situation on the home front. I do not believe that there is available in England a better digest of the events of this period, even though the adjectives employed are sometimes more strenuous than apposite. For William II the author has only vilifying epithets. His treatment of the origins of the First World War are, however, reasonably objective. On the other hand, the section devoted to the aftermath of that war and the Weimar Republic is the weakest part of the book.

Dr. Steinberg ends on a note which suggests that eventually all the peoples of Europe may find their appropriate roles in the drama of coöperation which alone can bring peace and well-being to all.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 105

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 105 *will be found in the next issue.*

FA BAHCLBCKPMGW, GK DBN
EWOD WKWEAOGO, GO
OGFHEA W JKWLJ RCM
NSDMWLDGKT DBN
TMNWDNOD WFCZKD CR
XNKCF RMCF WKA GKLGPNKD
CR EGRN.

—T. L. EGLBDNKYNMT.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 104

A SOFT BLENDING OF DULCET INSTRUMENTS CAME CHARMINGLY; AND THEN A HYMN.
—KEATS—ENDYMION.

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A PLAN FOR THE FUTURE OF GERMANY

(*Continued from page 9*)

in which, after he had unified the Reich, he skillfully used the promise of economic benefit to harness both capital and labor into an all-German economic organization on the Prussian model, how with him the deliberate efforts began to unify the Germans not only politically but to unite them in common beliefs. But it is necessary to say a little more about the process by which the views on political and moral questions of which he was the great representative, gradually gained mastery over the minds of the Germans.

The point which I want particularly to stress, and which seems to emerge so clearly from the history of this period, is the predominant role which the German historians played by their efforts to justify and defend Bismarck and how in this way they spread the veneration of the power-state and the expansionist ideas characteristic of modern Germany. Nobody saw that more clearly than the great English historian Lord Acton, who knew Germany as well as his own country and who as early as 1886 could speak of "that garrison of distinguished historians who prepared the Prussian hegemony together with their own and now hold Berlin like a fortress," a group "almost entirely given to maxims which it has cost the world so much effort to reverse." And it was the same Lord Acton who in spite of his admiration for much in Germany was able to foresee fifty years ago that "the tremendous power built up by very able minds, chiefly in Berlin, was the greatest danger that remains to be encountered by the Anglo-Saxon race."

* * *

These glances at history are necessary if we are to appreciate the specially important task that will fall to the historians and teachers of history in the reëducation of the Germans. They are, of course, not the only ones who will have to work for this end, but their position is so important that it will be justified if, turning now to the practical problem, we use the term "historian" for all those students and writers in the humanities who formulate the ideas which in the long run govern society.

Our problem is how we can effectively assist those among these men in Germany on whose influence we must mainly base our hopes for a better future Germany. That they will need assistance, material and even more moral assistance, is certain. These isolated men will, in the first instance, need the assurance that they are not moral outcasts but that they are striving for the same ends as many men all over the world. While there are many German scholars with whom we neither wish nor ought ever again to have any commerce, it would be fatal to extend such ostracism to all, including those whom we should wish to help. But in a situation where one must feel doubts about everybody except the few of whom one has personal knowledge, the difficulty of distinguishing the records of the various persons might produce the same result unless deliberate efforts are made to facilitate contacts. If these men are to be again made active members of the community of Western civilization, they will soon have to be given an opportunity for exchanging opinions, for obtaining books and periodicals, and even for travel, which will for long be impossible for most Germans.

There is not only the difficulty how to find these individuals. There is the even greater difficulty of how the help can be administered without discrediting them with their own people. On the first point, what is needed is clearly some pooling of the knowledge of individual German scholars possessed by their fellows in the Allied countries. On the second, the main consideration must be that these men ought to be neither expected nor induced to become the tools of the Allied authorities. If these efforts are to have any chance of success there must not be the slightest ground for the suspicion that these men serve merely another power instead of that which their opponents served, and not the slightest doubt that they are committed to anything but the truth. Indeed they will probably need, just as much as positive help, protection against well-meant but ill-directed attempts to use them in the service of the Allied government machinery.

The only practical solution of this problem would seem the creation by independent scholars of an international Academy, or society of elected members, in which those scholars of the Western countries who take an active interest in these problems join with the individual Germans whom they regard as worthy of such support. Such a society could bring together all those on both sides who are willing to serve the two great ideals of truth in history and moral standards in politics, and whose past record justifies the confidence that they will do so.

These general ideas would, of course, have to be more clearly defined, since the aim of the society presupposes

Comment by

Christopher Morley

"Don't miss W. Gaunt's *The Aesthetic Adventure*... P. 114 of said book started me on another in my series of Art Episodes (by the Snide Professor):—

Ruskin's critique was a sizzler:
'Mr. Whistler is a chiseler,
Coxcomb, racketeer, and sniggerer'
He remarked, in *Fors Clavigera.*
Whistler, swearing on the Bible,
Got a farthing's worth of libel.

Ruskin, as he grew more goofy,
Left the world and lived aloof; he
Soothed his various ills and aches
At Coniston, with hills and lakes.
Weary of the mail's abundance
He retired from correspondence.*

If, after crumpets, after tea,
He fell too deep in reverie
And sat to dream the dusk in
The parlor-maid was trained and trim
Respectful to announce to him:
'The Sunset, Mr. Ruskin!'

*This is the exact phrase, in a letter from his secretary which I have above the table in my office: 'Mr. Ruskin has retired from correspondence'."

Comment by the publishers

The Aesthetic Adventure by William Gaunt is a witty and highly entertaining history of the Bohemian movement in art and writing. It may not set every reader to writing poetry, but it is sure to heighten your enjoyment of Oscar Wilde, Whistler, Swinburne, Ruskin, George Moore, and many other men of the period. *$3.00*

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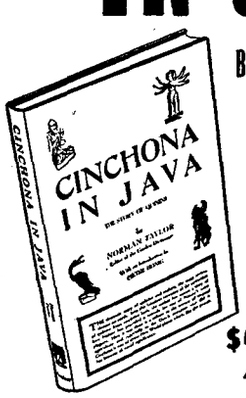
Norman Taylor, the author, is editor of "The Garden Dictionary" and Botanical editor of Webster's "New International Dictionary." Veteran of many scientific expeditions, he was formerly an assistant curator of the New York Botanical Garden and a curator at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. At present he is Director of the Cinchona Products Institute in New York.

Peter Honig, Dutch scientist with years of experience in the Netherlands Indies, has written the introduction on agriculture in the Indies.

CINCHONA IN JAVA

BY NORMAN TAYLOR



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agreement of its members on the general principles of the basic liberalism of Western civilization which it wishes to preserve. To express these principles in a manifesto drawn up for the purpose is scarcely practicable. After much consideration of the various possibilities I feel that the best way of defining that philosophy would be to express it by the names of one or two great men who were its outstanding representatives. And no two men seem to me more clearly to express these ideals, and better to express the particular task of such a society, than the English historian Lord Acton and his French counterpart, Alexis de Tocqueville. Both men represented the same liberal philosophy at its best and combined a passion for truth with a profound respect for the moral forces in history. And while Lord Acton, the Englishman, knew the Germans in their bad and their good sides as well as he knew his fellow-countrymen, the Frenchman de Tocqueville was of course one of the greatest students and admirers of American democracy. I do not see how the political ideals of such an international academy could be better expressed than by calling it the Acton-Tocqueville Society. It is to the men and women who know what these names stand for and who are willing to subscribe to the ideals of these two men that such an organization must first appeal.

There is no need at this stage to describe the functions of such a society in detail. There are more tasks than could be discussed in a short article which in the coming years such a voluntary organization of the humanists of the world could accomplish. I do not claim that this kind of organization is necessarily the best. But I am convinced that there is a great problem which needs careful thought and preparation and on which, at present, not enough thinking is done, because it is not a problem which can be solved by governmental activities. It is the independent scholars and thinkers who must take the initiative; and the time is now short if a great opportunity is not to be missed.

Look! A Talking Horse

MR. WILMER. By Robert Lawson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1945. 218 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by THOMAS SUGRUE

WILLIAM WILMER was a completely undistinguished man until the morning of his twenty-ninth birthday. Then, while proceeding to the office of the Safe, Sane and Colossal Insurance Company, it happened. A horse spoke to him. Later in the day, while he was visiting at the zoo, Toby the lion poured out his grievances to him. Toby had a toothache and the zoo physicians were treating him for everything except what ailed him. Mr. Wilmer passed on Toby's complaint to the Keeper, Mr. Gallagher, and Mr. Gallagher promptly threw Mr. Wilmer out. But when it turned out that Toby did have a toothache, and in precisely the molar mentioned by Mr. Wilmer, the little insurance clerk was a hero. In company with Director Carrington-Carr and a group of distinguished scientists, he toured the zoo, extracting from each animal the vital statistics of his or her life, while the director checked each and every fact with his ledger.

Next morning Mr. Wilmer awoke to find himself the nation's most famous man. Promptly he was hired as special animal consultant to all the zoos in the country. Mr. Carrington-Carr gave him a fine office, some sound advice, and an introduction to a man at the bank, who agreed to let Mr. Wilmer keep his money there—eighty thousand dollars had drifted in during the first twenty-four hours. Soon Miss Sweeney, the red-haired girl who formerly had made his days at the insurance company bearable by smiling at him in the morning, was his secretary. Together they interviewed the zoo animals, particularly Lucy, the elephant, who was amiable and liked nothing better than a spot of conversation. Mr. Wilmer went on the radio with his new friends, though Toby was bored when he found that he could not nip at the crooners. Finally Mr. Wilmer bought a farm for his new friends and his new wife, who turned out to be, naturally, Miss Sweeney. There they lived happily, with Lucy doing most of the farm chores and Walter, the sea lion, blowing mess call and taps on his cornet.

There is little a reviewer can say about the work of Robert Lawson either by way of explanation or acclaim. His illustrations are so apt and his humor is so natural that to recommend his latest work to those who have read his previous volumes is like telling a farm boy that his mother's apple pie is good eating. As for those who through some misfortune have not become acquainted with the sage of Rabbit Hill, they probably will not believe that anything so delightful exists as the combination of Mr. Lawson's painting and prose. If they want proof, let them ask their children, or let them ask Mr. Wilmer, who has it straight from the animals.

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Mr. Neumann Kindles the Imagination

THE INQUEST. By Robert Neumann. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1945. 255 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by F. C. WEISKOPF

ROBERT NEUMANN, who presents us here with his first full-length novel written in English, is by no means a freshman in literature. When he came to England, a few years ago after his native Austria had been occupied by the Nazis, he had already earned a wide international reputation as a novelist, biographer, and essayist. Several of his books written in German were translated into more than twenty other languages, and novels like "Flood" and "Mammon" and the biography of Sir Basil Zaharoff were read by tens of thousands of readers all over the world.

Still, if I had to decide which of Mr. Neumann's earlier books carries off the palm before all the others, I would not choose any of the big novels or biographies but that slender volume of literary parodies "Mit Fremden Federn" ("With Borrowed Plumes"). For, in those brilliant verbal portraits of past and present fellow-writers, Mr. Neumann displays much more than a masterful ability of sketching, with wit and satire, on a few pages a whole literary personality; those parodies are like magic looking-glasses which, while slightly distorting the outward lines of their objects, unveil their most hidden inner character-traits. Rereading, for instance, today his parodistic piece on Ernst Glaeser, one discovers with admiring astonishment that Mr. Neumann sensed the rot inside the apple long before the first brown spot appeared on the bright pink skin. At a time when Glaeser himself might have still believed in his bold, brave internationalism and humanism, Mr. Neumann already detected the elements of decay and insincerity which later on were to lead the author of the burned and banned "Class 1920" from anti-Nazi exile into the arms of Reichspropagandaminister Dr. Goebbels.

Mr. Neumann's extraordinary skill in exploring odd corners of the human heart and soul, his masterful talent for impersonation of strange characters, and his artistic perfection in all matters of literary technique come to full play in his new novel which he so significantly calls "The Inquest."

In an unobtrusive and seemingly casual way (which in reality is the result of the most careful and complicated planning), the author through his medium, Shilling, an English novelist, pieces together little by little the picture of Bibiana Santis alias Hermann alias Spiers, an anti-fascist refugee whom he had seen but twice and with whom he had stayed the night before she met a death wrapped in ambiguity and mystery. The exploration of Bibiana's volcanic life is coupled with a searching analysis of Shilling's crisis as a writer and of his suddenly growing passion for the dead woman.

So effective is Mr. Neumann's way of kindling our imagination through allusions and undertones, so great is the fascination emanating from his art of building up psychological suspense, that only after having turned the last page do we come to realize that Shilling and Bibiana and her lover Ventura are—how should I say? oh, yes—shadows conjured up by a magician and filled with life and blood for a short part in a brilliant play only to be dismissed thereafter again into the mist and darkness of nothingness.

Summer Maple

By Maurice Browning Cramer

AND every day there was rain in the tree
And when there wasn't rain there was the wind
Among the leaves sounding like rain. The leaves
Were large and green because of all the rain,
And moving and bright because of all the wind:
They were shining even under a grey sky
But when the sky was blue and filled with wind
They were all shouting bright. Among the calm
Inner leaves and the dark inner boughs
There was a wren whose song was like small bells
Half-muffled and rung quickly, and a thrush
Whose song was lovelier than the sky whence came
The rain and wind. So here in the leaf-forest
Of one tree there was something for the eyes
And ears of man, and for the quiet mind.

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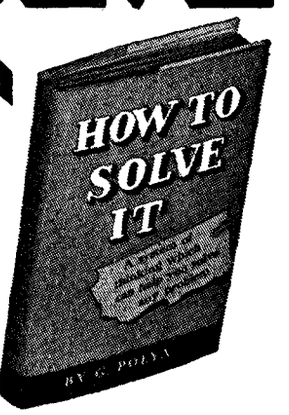

By G. POLYA

• Although this book was written by a famous mathematician, and most of the illustrations are mathematical, it is not a book on mathematics. It is a book on how to think straight in any field of thought. It shows how the method of demonstrating a proof or finding an unknown can be of help in attacking any problem that can be "reasoned" out . . . from building a bridge to winning a game of anagrams.

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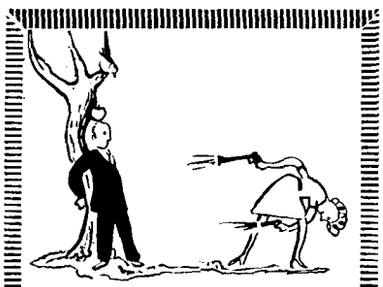

Arab and Andy Blake
are at it again in
LAY THAT PISTOL DOWN
by Richard Powell
$2.00
An Inner Sanctum Mystery

Anatomy of Japanese Militarism

JAPANESE MILITARISM: Its Cause and Cure. By John M. Maki. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. 264 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE

As this review is being written, American troops are winning the tough and savage fight for Okinawa. Chinese forces are making headway in the critical Foochow area. Intelligent Japanese know, and sometimes admit, that the United Nations have won the Pacific war.

So far so good. Costly as it is in blood and treasure, it is a magnificent triumph for the United Nations. But, Mr. Maki warns us, military victory alone will not destroy Japanese supernationalism and the Japanese will to aggression. The Tokyo militarists "want us to fight a war of killing and to forget the importance of the extermination of the ideas out of which has grown their power." The war that we must win if we expect to have a peaceful Japan is a war against the way of life bequeathed the Japanese through centuries of historical development. "Japanese Militarism" is mainly concerned with the way of life and the set of attitudes which the generals and admirals of the Rising Sun hope to have us ignore.

The great barrier to Occidental understanding of the Japanese is the lack of a common framework of historical reference. The classical heritage, Christianity, the Reformation, the Renaissance, the Industrial Revolution, and democracy are common denominators of Western historical tradition. But not of Japanese. Basic to Japan's civilization are the growth of political and economic oligarchy, tight control of ideas, and the Emperor concept. On these have been founded "an authoritarian government within Japan and the exercise of a policy of war and aggression in foreign affairs." This, the author never tires of reminding us, is what Allied statesmen must take into account when they plan the peace terms for Japan.

As the de Tocqueville of Japanese militarism, Mr. Maki discusses the in-

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
TROUT IN THE MILK *Hugh Holman* (M. S. Mill: $2.)	Wealthy Southerner, with private pistol range in basement of mansion, mysteriously shot. Sheriff Macready functions satisfactorily.	Smoothly written and capably concocted tale of family squabbles with murderous outcome. Visitor from Nawth helps sheriff solve crime.	Adequate
LAY THAT PISTOL DOWN *Richard Powell* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Arabella (pistol-toting mama) Blake and spouse Andy indulge in explosive high-jinks again. No murders—one death.	Bouncing Blakes buy antique pistol and experiment in powder-making, etc. Excitement runs high, wide, handsome—and slightly reminiscent.	Zestful
CORONER'S VERDICT: ACCIDENT *Richard Keverne* (David McKay: $2.)	Supposed suicide of English artist visiting quaint village inn arouses suspicions of proprietor, who, with police, trails low-down slayer.	Readable, convincing, and pleasantly atmospheric combination of blackmail, murder, and dipsomania. Writing is good and detecting commendable.	Absorbing
ANY SHAPE OR FORM *Elizabeth Daly* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Aging sun-worshiper (female) shot in garden by one of group visiting estate. Henry Gamadge does the deducing.	Pretty good puzzle most of way with tendency to wobble at end. Mr. Gamadge does well enough—but not his best.	Acceptable
CHICAGO MURDERS *Editor—* *Sewell Peaslee Wright* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.75)	Gory facts of Chicago crime thoroughly ventilated by blue-ribbon gallery of detective story practitioners.	From able introduction down to last frenzied gasp an A-1 collection of interesting crimes capitally chronicled.	Very good
THE CRIMSON FEATHER *Sara Elizabeth Mason* (Crime Club: $2.)	Suspiciously "accidental" death of Alabamian interests both his daughter-in-law and local sheriff who encounters second slaying before solution.	Ably concocted plot, enlivened by sharp pictures of Southern small-town life and family squabbles. Unostentatious sleuth does believable job.	Entertaining

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stitutions which make that militarism inevitable. He outlines the development of the "monolithic" political oligarchy, the economic oligarchy, the Emperor idea, anti-foreignism, and the authoritarian state. Against that unique historical, philosophical, and social pattern—now monstrous, again ridiculous to the Occidental—he elaborates the background of the war and seeks to probe the future of Japan.

Why have the Japanese "liberals" not prevailed against the militarists? Has the "Asia for the Asiatics" propaganda been successful? What of Russia's entry into the Pacific war? Can the Japanese masses be reëducated out of their medieval political thinking? Should the United Nations keep the Emperor in his key position? How inject into Japanese post-war life new political and economic ideas? For these and other fundamental questions the author has honest and sensible answers. He falls short of the "cure" in his subtitle, but his proposals must be given serious consideration if the crosses of Tarawa and the flag on Suribachi are to have permanent significance.

A good deal of the material in Mr. Maki's informative chapters is familiar. That, it seems to the reviewer, is all to the good. The Western mind has so little idea of the mentality of the Pacific enemy that it needs every sort of sound approach to the subject. Mr. Maki, a professor at the University of Washington, uses a good teacher's devices to drive this essential subject home. He relies especially on repetition and variety of presentation. His pedagogical thoroughness may not make for exciting reading, but it certainly gets over to the reader what we are really fighting for in the Pacific.

John McGilvrey Maki is a Nisei who was reared and adopted by an American family. He studied in Japan as well as in the United States, taught Japanese courses at his alma mater, the University of Washington, and after Pearl Harbor went to Washington, D. C., to do war work for the government. A scholarly and lucid writer, he has a vital message not only for the peace conferees, but for the AMG and the educators and the missionaries who will work among the post-war Japanese.

Reservoir of Riches for Tomorrow

THE ARCTIC IN FACT AND FABLE. By Vilhjalmur Stefansson. New York: Foreign Policy Association. 1945. 95 *pp.* 25c.

Reviewed by GERALD WENDT

IT is time to look to the Arctic. The wartime news from Alaska is one incentive but the accomplishments of the Soivets in colonizing northern Siberia are so impressive that they forecast a similar development in this hemisphere. The Soviet Union's Igarka and Norilsk, for instance, have a population of more than 20,000 each whereas Fort Yukon, Wiseman, and Aklavik in Arctic America number about two hundred.

Vilhjalmur Stefansson's big book, "The Friendly Arctic," published in 1921, certainly encouraged the great and successful Russian experiments. Now the farsighted Foreign Policy Association has made that exployer's experiences and enthusiasm available in this inexpensive little pamphlet.

After 15,000 miles of travel during ten Arctic winters, Dr. Stefansson's plea is to look beyond the foolish fables of the Greeks and see these once remote regions for the friendly places that they really are.

The Arctic is not eternally covered with ice. There are icebergs in Greenland, but Greenland is not representative. In Iceland the January temperatures fall, on an average, no lower than those of Milan, Italy. The North Pole is not too cold for human habitation; in fact it gets colder in Montana. There are summers there—when the sun shines warm, the lands are rich with vegetation, and the air sings with the hum of birds and insects.

Adaptation to local conditions is of course essential and the natives have shown the way. The entrance to the better Arctic homes is through a door in the floor rather than in the outer wall. This is always open for ventilation and the flow of air is controlled by an adjustable opening in the ceiling through which used air escapes.

Clothing too is fitted to the weather. The sturdy one-layer woolen garment is not as warm as several layers of thin wool which provide valuable air insulation. More or fewer layers of clothing adjust to degrees of temperature; and sweating is avoided because perspiration freezes on the clothing to make it a cold, heavy burden.

The immediate incentive for the study of the Arctic is that the transpolar route is the shortest between London and Seattle, Peiping and New York, San Francisco and Moscow. Goose Bay, Fairbanks, Reykjavik are already on the airline time tables. Under the impact of air travel unknown villages will become respectable cities. It is high time to erase the concept of the Arctic as a lifeless, ice-bound wasteland. Rather is it a vast, untapped reservoir of the earth's riches, easily and comfortably habitable with the aid of modern engineering, transport, and communications.

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the Phoenix Nest

MRS. J. DEWEY GUILFORD, of 45 Prospect Place, Tudor City, in New York City, read what I quoted Chris Morley as saying of Francis Carlin, in the March 24 *SRL*:

> In the older days of the *SRL* Bowling Green, one of my clearest memories of Francis was a time we were *sitting in the back room of Dewey's wine shop on Fulton Street,* in prohibition days, when one could only buy wine if it was pretended to be a tonic medicated with pepsin; you remember, *that stuff from Egg Harbor, N. J.* * * *"

She disputes this statement, and in order that everybody be satisfied, I shall quote as much of her letter here as puts her case clearly. I am positive that Mr. Morley meant no disrespect to Dewey's. He was being jocular. Everyone knows the high reputation of Dewey & Sons. I myself remember Dewey's tonics perfectly well. I have had to omit some of the listing of honors accorded H. T. Dewey & Sons, which Mrs. Guilford gives, because of lack of space. She says, in part:

> In the first place, Dewey's Wine Shop *never did have a back room.* That would put us in the saloon category. The wine shop, as it is referred to, is a good-sized store, the front section of which was devoted to wine-selling. The larger part of the store was devoted, in those days and until Repeal, to the restaurant part of the business, with a balcony running around the side and end of the store, with no partition of any sort ever having divided the front part of the store where the wine was sold, from the restaurant section. Consequently, I resent very much Mr. Morley's statement in calling it the "back room," and putting the business in an entirely different class from a business being run as a first-class restaurant, which was originally started for the sole purpose of introducing our fine wines to the public. H. T. Dewey & Sons being known for the proper aging of wines when few concerns had such reputation. In regard to what Mr. Morley calls "that stuff from Egg Harbor," the wine medicated with pepsin—which he was imbibing in the so-called "back room" of the "wine shop at 138 Fulton Street" happened to be one of four tonics which were especially recommended by hundreds of doctors for aged and ailing people, for a period of thirty-two years previous to Prohibition, my father having thought up, over the period of thirty-two years, fourteen formulas of medicated wine tonics which were passed on in Washington, D. C. Four of these tonics were approved in the Prohibition Department in Washington, D. C. because of their high medicated content, which was a stipulated necessity of requirement for the sale of wine during that period, proving it to be a health tonic instead of just a stimulating beverage. H. T. Dewey & Sons were awarded the distinction of receiving from Mr. Mulrooney, of New York City, who was head of the Alcoholic Board in the days of repeal, a *number one license* because of never having had any black mark against them during the seventeen years of Prohibition. The proof of this statement, in the form of a newspaper article, hangs on the wall in the store of H. T. Dewey & Sons Co., Inc., at 138 Fulton Street, for Mr. Morley or yourself to verify. And the government at Washington, D. C., expressed its approval of the fine quality of Dewey wines, by giving the firm the honor of sending a representative to the International Conference at Madrid, Spain, of Wine Makers, which meeting was held in the Palace of King Alfonso, my brother, Ralph C. Dewey, who was the wine maker at that time, representing the firm at this conference. This conference took place during the term of Theodore Roosevelt's Presidency, and my brother's expenses on this trip were met by the United States Government.

* * *

EASTER IN SAN FRANCISCO

Now is the crux of year.
Now is the peak of pain.
Out of the tomb of war
Issues the Chance again.

Ghost of the crucified,
Gift of the generous slain,
Chance that the once-betrayed
Are not betrayed again.

DOROTHY LEE RICHARDSON.

* * *

Speaking of California, Flodden Heron, head of the Roxburghe Club of California, says that he also belongs to a group known as E CLAMPUS VITAS, that follows out the practices of gold-mining days, and recently made its annual pilgrimage to Benicia, California. He says he thought of me while there, and toasted my health for old times' sake, which was very kind of him. He sends me a clipping about a spectacular fire that recently wiped out half a block in downtown Benicia, destroying six buildings including two hundred-year-old California landmarks, and damaging the city hall, one-time the state capitol. The blaze started in the Old Brewery Cafe, situated in a historic part-adobe building that once housed the old California Hotel, of fame in the days when the little town, across Carquinez Straits from Martinez, was California's capital. When I was out there, in vacations from college, they still ferried the Overland Limited from Benicia to Port Costa and the lunch counter on the *Solano* had wonderful corn muffins. A little later came the big tannery fire. But that was before the San Francisco Earth——I mean Fire—so long ago!

* * *

Charles C. Mierow of Carleton College, Northfield, Minnesota, writes me:

> G. K. Chesterton in his poem "To M.E.W." lists "The sole two prayers worth praying—to live and not forget." It is startling to note how directly he is answering Swinburne's pagan philosophy in the stanza that occurs near the end of "Félise," where we read concerning God:
>
> Two gifts he has given us, to forget
> All glad and sad things that go by,
> And then to die.
>
> In further rebuttal of the earlier poet, we find a reminiscence of Swinburne's actual language:
>
> One love grows green when one turns grey.

Chesterton writes:

> There is one sin; to call a green leaf grey,
> Whereat the sun in heaven shuddereth.
> There is one blasphemy: for death to pray,
> For God alone knoweth the praise of death.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Keats: "Ode to a Nightingale." 2. Shelley: "To a Skylark." 3. Herrick: "Upon Julia's Clothes." 4. Lovelace: "To Althea from Prison." 5. Dryden: "Ode on St. Cecelia's Day." 6. Goldsmith: "The Deserted Village." 7. Coleridge: "Kubla Khan." 8. Shakespeare: "Sonnet CVI." 9. Wilde: "The Harlot's House." 10. Byron: "Waterloo." 11. Arnold: "Dover Beach." 12. Wordsworth: "I Wandered Lonely As a Cloud." 13. Tennyson: "Locksley Hall." 14. Gray: "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." 15. Pope: "Essay on Man." 16. Hunt: "Abou Ben Adhem." 17. Poe: "The Raven." 18. Milton: "Lycidas." 19. Hood: "The Song of the Shirt." 20. Carroll: "Jabberwocky."

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Youth in Revolt

34 CHARLTON. By Rene Kuhn. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1945. 278 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

THE eternal quarrel between successive generations, between parents filled with possessive love and their children aching for independence, forms the basic theme of "34 Charlton." The author has developed this theme in terms of a modern daughter ruled by a household of aging female relatives: her mother, a domineering grandmother, and two maiden aunts. They hedge her in with their devotion and need for her, with the nagging coercion of the where-are-you-going, when-will-you-be-home type of question, but they also interfere with her life in ways more viciously stupid and harmful. Only her grandfather, who has barely escaped intact from his marriage to a tyrannical shrew, understands her need for autonomy, and she loses his delightful companionship before she can escape from the old family dwelling in lower New York which gives the story its none too pertinent title.

Katherine's difficulties, though perhaps exaggerated by the combined obstinacy, spinelessness, and traditionalism of her family, are essentially those of most young people. How often they wish that parents would follow the bird-pattern of feeding and caring for fledglings only until they are able to fend for themselves! Against the wishes of the household, Katherine in turn goes to a secretarial school, finds a good job, and meets a young Italian acceptable to her, if not to her family. But all along she realizes that she never sees anything in the same perspective as her relatives, and quite naturally she is torn between her loyalty to them and her desire for a spiritual room of her own. The boy she loves has had to face a somewhat similar situation, and he sagely tells her that when one becomes an adult, one's connection with one's family ought no longer be based on need or duty, but on pleasure. In the end a series of dramatic incidents precipitates a solution of their problems that all readers will applaud.

The author has wisely not attempted more than she could achieve. Her story is entertainingly told, its people have substance, and its significant theme is worked out with careful attention to detail and design. The book thoroughly deserves the Avery Hapwood prize awarded it; the young author, only twenty-one when she gained this distinction, has produced a notable first novel.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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GENTLEMAN who enjoys corresponding invites girls to write him. Box 363-L.

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PERSONALS

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(Continued on next page)

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PERSONALS

(*Continued from page 45*)

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PERSONALS

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The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

IN the list of poets suggested for my use sent me by Professor E. O. James, Mills College, retired, was John Clare with whose work I was not familiar. In a meaty volume of his poems in our Public Library I found an amazing abundance of lovely, nature reflections far more satisfying, in my estimation, than that of any minor poet before or after his day—1793-1864. I wonder why more is not made of him in our English courses. Webster's "Biographical Dictionary" dubs him the "Northamptonshire peasant poet," "herd boy, gardener, militiaman, lime burner, vagrant," who failed as a farmer and wound up in a lunatic asylum, as it seems many a poet of the eighteenth century did. If you like birds, you'll enjoy the many simple poems about them individually. Watch out for one such in Series 19!

My ignorance had another jolt not long ago when I seemed to note for the first time that the title of Mark Twain's famous book is not "Innocence Abroad," but "The Innocents Abroad." My misconception has evidently come through the ear, for even in a recent program on "Invitation to Learning" with famous critics participating, never once did they utilize the *The,* whereas the words *innocents* and *innocence* sound the same.

When you read this column I shall have arrived, I hope, at the seat of Dartmouth College for a summer stay to utilize their peerless Baker Memorial Library for research for Series 20. I know the treat in store for me from the summer of '38. I recall how then when I asked if they had Margaret Armstrong's "Letters of Fannie Kemble" just published, they replied, "Not yet," but they handed it to me the next day—got it, they said, in the College bookshop. That is service minus red tape for one not of the community! If you chance to be in the vicinity of Hanover Inn do call on me.

Mabel H. Walter, Cincinnati, takes me to task in a friendly letter of appreciation, very specifically, for the strange words and definitions, "not to be found in any dictionary" used in my puzzles. I *never* make up words or definitions and I often discard cherished words found in my desultory reading if when I come to use them they are not in my WNI, even geographical ones as a rule; for today the papers are full of Japanese names not in gazetteers. It seems to me that in the long run I must be the judge of the definition I select for you. The selection depends on how easy the puzzle would be with the definition ordinarily familiar, on whether I have used a definition recently, etc. And as for words from China, Arabia, etc., isolationism, I thought, is dead. Besides, if you have been working for hours, you welcome such—and prepare for bed!

JUNE 23, 1945

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 587

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 32 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Exclamation expressing surprise or astonishment.

B. Hostile course of action, frame of mind, or the like.

C. American astronomer; builder of first telescope in America (1732-1796).

D. American naval engineer (1822-1915; hall at Annapolis in his honor).

E. Hungarian form of Louis.

F. Rumanian violinist, conductor, composer (1881-).

G. Official headquarters or residence of a mandarin or tuchun (China).

H. Figure in prayer (Ancient Greek and early Christian art).

I. Designating any large or undetermined number (Humorous).

J. Tenth satellite of Saturn (1905).

K. To discuss or argue until a settlement is reached (with "out").

L. Tediously; without cessation (3 wds.)

M. Designating a reversed fault (Geol. and Mining).

N. Neurotic condition similar to jumping disease, observed among Malays.

O. Pendulous fold of skin under the neck of certain animals.

P. Punished by a pecuniary penalty fixed by the court.

Q. Wavering; irresolute.

R. Designating a race of man widespread in paleolithic Europe.

S. Flogged; drubbed.

T. Preliminary sketch or model in wax (Art).

U. A later opportunity.

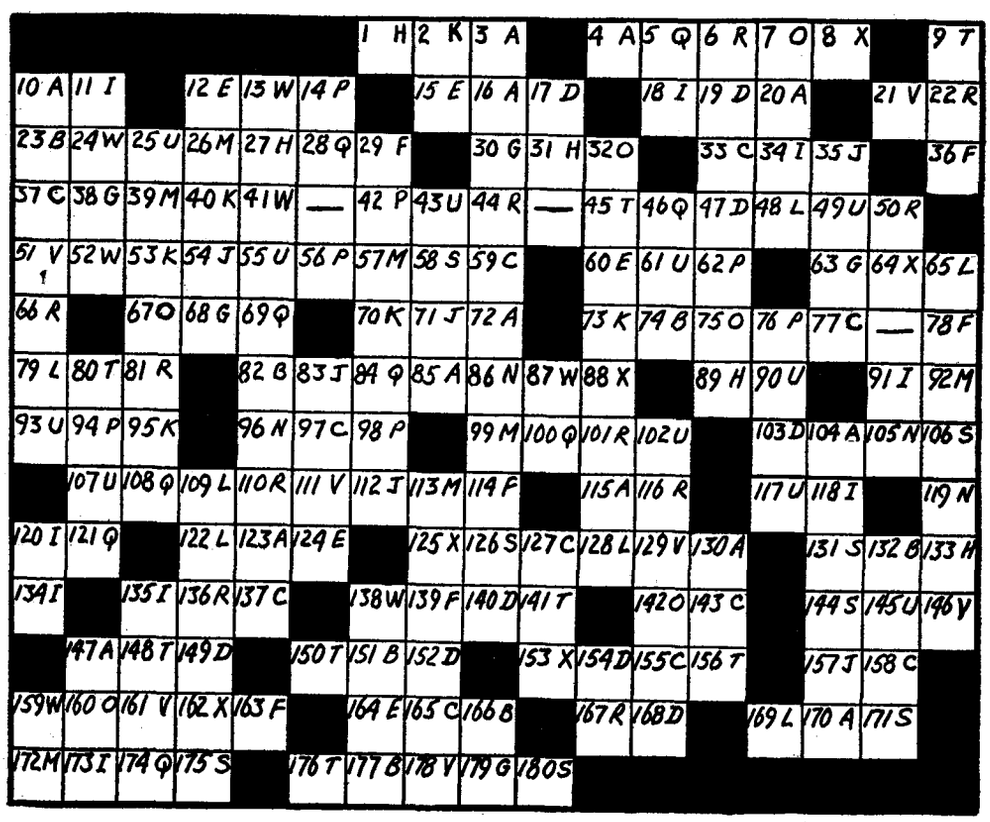
V. To act, rush about, etc., wildly or excitedly.

W. Screams, cries (of some birds).

X. One who in callow fashion tries to be witty or jocose (Slang).

WORDS

A.	4	72	3	147	10	104	170	123	115	85	20	16	130
B.	74	177	23	82	132	166	151						
C.													
D.	47	149	19	152	140	103	154	168	17				
E.	124	15	12	164	60								
F.	29	114	163	78	36	139							
G.	179	30	63	38	68								
H.	89	133	27	31	1								
I.	173	118	91	18	11	134	120	135	34				
J.	157	71	35	112	83	54							
K.	70	2	40	53	73	95							
L.	79	48	122	109	65	169	128						
M.	113	57	92	39	26	172	99						
N.	86	96	105	119									
O.	32	75	142	7	67	160							
P.	42	14	76	56	94	62	98						
Q.	46	174	69	5	84	108	121	100	28				
R.	116	50	22	110	44	66	81	167	136	101	6		
S.	175	126	131	144	180	106	58	171					
T.	176	148	45	80	156	9	150	141					
U.	25	90	145	55	102	49	61	93	43	107	117		
V.	178	111	21	51	161	129	146						
W.	41	13	24	138	87	52	159						
X.	88	153	64	162	125	8							



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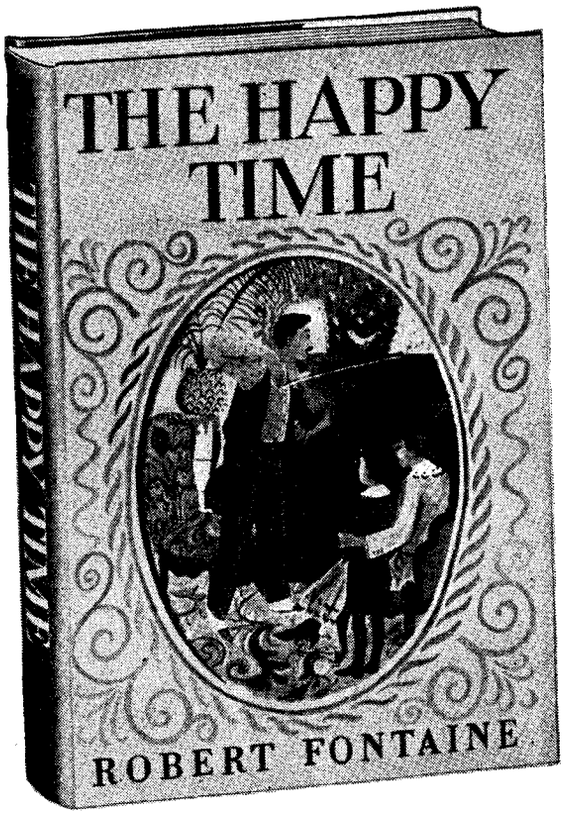
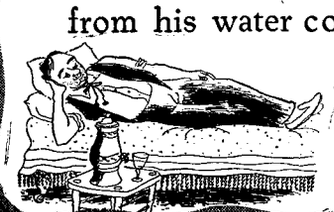
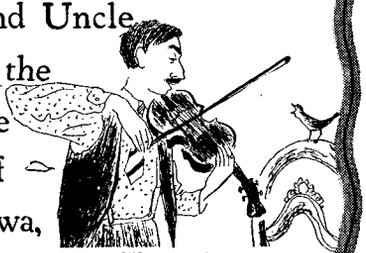
NOTE: *The illustrations on this page are a few of the many that Roger Duvoisin has drawn for* The Happy Time.



The Venture Press of Simon and Schuster* takes pleasure and pride in announcing its first publication:

This is a book that might have been written by a mischievous Anglo-French angel. It is filled with good food, good drink, wit, love, and as much pain as joy ever needs for seasoning. It is the story of the goings-on in a two-family house in Ottawa, Canada, some twenty years ago. The reader is going to have a wonderful time meeting the family who lives in that house—Papa, Mama, and Uncle Louis who drinks wine from his water cooler and claims to be suffering from the fatal bite of a butterfly, and Uncle Felix, the befuddled scientist, and Uncle Desmonde, who is the proud owner of the largest collection of ladies garters in Ottawa, and finally, the Boy, who watches them all and learns from them all. Like Papa's dark fragrant coffee and cognac, "The Happy Time" is a brew to warm the heart. Price $2.50





*The Venture Press will be devoted to "first" books having, in the opinion of our staff, unusual literary quality. Some may be uncategorizable, unqualified delights, as we think *The Happy Time* is. Others may be frankly experimental novels. All will be ventures that in one way or another bear with them the hopes and enthusiasms of editors engaged in that peculiar combination of profession, art, craft, midwifery and business that is book publishing. SIMON AND SCHUSTER

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